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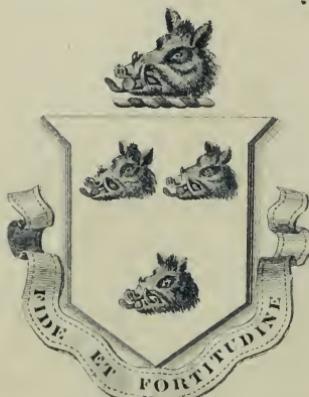
Accessions

171,616

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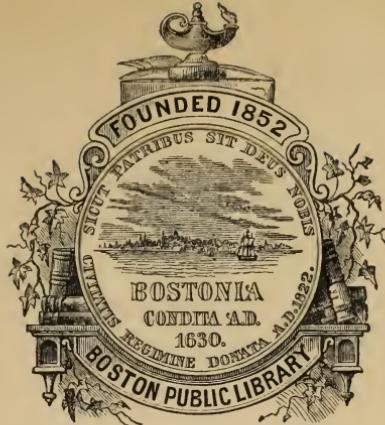
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PAMPHLETS.

John Webster  
and Others

Dramas

94 Nov 3

Barton Lily





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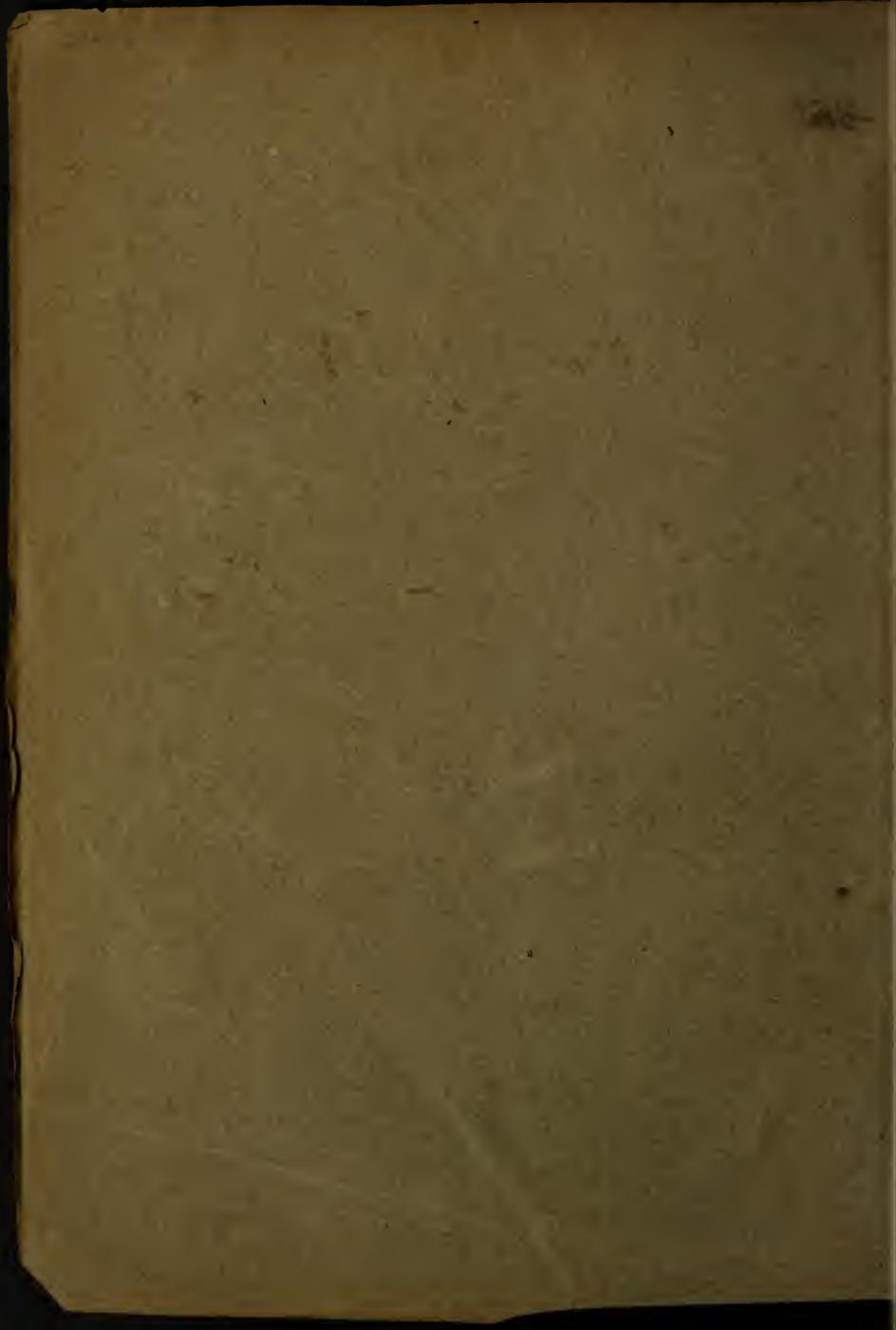
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MEMORANDA.

~~4717~~ 4781

4717 —  
Duchess of Malfy

Webster — 1640



1717  
THE  
D V T C H E S S E  
O F  
M A L F Y.

---

A Tragedy.

As it was approovedly well acted  
at the BLACK-FRIERS,

By his Majesties Servants.

The perfect and exact Copy, with divers things  
Printed, that the length of the Play would not  
beare in the Presentment.

---

Written by John Webster.

---

Horat. —— *Si quid* ——

———— *Candidus Imperti si non bis viro mecum.*

---

L O N D O N;

Printed by I. Raworth, for I. Benson, And are to be sold at  
his shop in St. Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet.

1640.

# The Actors Names.

3977  
52

- Bosola, J. Lorin.  
Ferdinand, 1 R. Burbridge. 2 J. Taylor.  
Cardinall, 1 H. Cundalle. 2 R. Robinson.  
Antonio, 1 W. Ostler. 2 R. Benfeild.  
Delio, J. Underwood.  
Forobosco, N. Tomley.  
Malatesta.  
*The Marquesse of Pescara,* J. Rice.  
Silvio, T. Pollard.  
*The severall mad men,* N. Towly. J. Underwood, &c.  
*The Dutchesse,* R. Sharpe.  
*The Cardinals Mis.* J. Tomson.  
*The Doctor,* { R. Pallant.  
Cariola,  
Court Officers, {  
Three young Children.  
Two Pilgrimes.



Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Antonio, and Delio. Bosola, Cardinall.*

*Delio.* **Y**ou are wel-come to your Country (deere *Antonio*)  
You have been long in *France*, and you returne  
A very formall French-man in your habit.

How do you like the French Court ?

*Ant.* I admire it,  
In seeking to reduce both State and People  
To a fix'd Order, there judicious King  
Begins at home : Quits first his Royall Pallace  
Of flattring Sicophants, of dissolute,  
And infamous persons, which he sweetly termes  
His Masters Master-pece (the work of Heaven)  
Considering duely, that a Princes Court  
Is like a common fountaine, whence should flow,  
Pure silver-drops in generall : But if 't chance  
Some curs'd example poysont neare the head,  
" Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.  
And what is't makes this blessed government,  
But a most provident Councell, who dare freely  
Informe him, the corruption of the times ?  
Though soone oth' Court hold it presumption  
To instruct Princes what they ought to do,  
It is a noble duety to informe them  
What they ought to fore-see : Here comes *Bosola*  
The only Court-Gall : yet I observe his rayling  
Is not for simple love of Pietv :.  
Indeed he rayles at those things which he wants,  
Would be as leacherous, covetous, or proud,  
Bloody, or envious, as an man,  
If he had meanes to be so : Here's the Cardinall.

*Bos.* I do haunt you still . . . . *Card.* So.

*Bos.* I have done you

Better service than to be slighted thus :  
Miserable age, where only the reward  
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

The Tragedy of

*Car.* You inforse your merit too much.

*Bos.* I fell into the Gallies in your service,  
Where, for two yeeres together, I wore two Towels in stead of  
A shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a  
Romane Mantle : Slighted thus? I will thrive some way :  
Black birds fatten best in hard weather : why not I,  
In these doge dayes?

*Car.* Would you could become honest,

*Bos.* With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it, I  
Have knowne many travell farre for it, and yet returne as  
Arrant knaves, as they went forth ; because they carried  
Themselves alwayes along with them ; Are you gon ?  
Some fellowes (they say) are possesse with the divell,  
But this great fellow, were able to possesse the greatest  
Divell, and make him worse.

*Ant.* He hath denied thee some suit ?

*Bos.* He, and his brother, are like Plum-trees (that grow crooked  
Over standing-pooles) they are rich, and ore-laden with  
Fruit, but none but Crowes, Pyes, and Cater-pillers feede  
On them : Could I be one of their flattring Panders, I  
Would hang on their eares like a Hors-leech, till I were full, and  
Then drop off : I pray leave me.  
Who would relie upon these miserable dependances, in expectation  
to be advanc'd to morrow? what creature, ever fed worse, than ho-  
ping *Tantalus*? not ever died any man more fearfully, than he that  
hop'd for a pardon : There are rewards for hawks, and dogges,  
when they have done us service ; but for a souldier that hazards his  
limbes in a battaile, nothing but a kinde of Geometry, is his last  
supportation.    *Del.* Geometry ?

*Bos.* I, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter-swinge in the  
World, upon a honorable paire of Crowtches, from hospitall  
To hospitall, fare ye well Sir. And yet do not you scorne us, for  
Places in the Court, are but like beds in the hospitall, where this  
Mans head lies at that mans foot, and so lower and lower.

*Del.* I knew this fellow (seven yeeres) in the Gallies.

For a notorious murther, and 'twas thought

The Cardinall subborn'd it : he was releas'd

By the French Generall (*Gaston de Foyx*)

When he recover'd *Naples*.    *Ant.* 'Tis great pity.

He should be thus neglected, I have heard

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

He's very valiant : This soule melancholly  
Will poison all his goodnesse, for (i'le tell you)  
If too immoderate sleepe, be truly said  
To be an inward rust unto the soule ;  
It then doth follow, want of action  
Breeds all blacke male-contents, and their close rearing  
(Like mothes in cloth) doe hurt for want of wearing.

SCENA II.

*Antonio, Delio Ferdinand, Cardinal, Dutchesse, Castruchio, Silvio,  
Rodocico, Grisolan, Bosola, Julia, Cariola.*

*Del.* The Presence 'gins to fill, you promis'd me  
To make me the partaker of the natures  
Of some of our great Courtiers.

*Ant.* The Lord Cardinals  
And other strangers, that are now in Court,  
I shall : here comes the great Calabrian Duke.

*Ferd.* Who tooke the Ring oftneſt ?

*Sil.* Antonia Bologna (my Lord)

*Ferd.* Our ſister Dutchesſe great Maſter of her houſhold ?  
Give him the Jewell : when ſhall we leave this ſportive action,  
And fall to action indeed ?

*Caſt.* Methinkes (my Lord)  
You ſhould deſire to go to war, in perſon.

*Fer.* Now, for ſome gravity : why (my Lord)

*Caſt.* It is fitting a ſoldier arife to be a Prince, but not neceſſary  
A prince deſcend to be a Captaine ?

*Ferd.* No ?

*Caſt.* No, (my Lord)

He were far better to doe it by a Deputy.

*Ferd.* Why ſhould he not aſwell ſleep, or eat by a Deputy ?  
This miſt take idle, offeniſive, and baſe office from him,  
Whereas the other reprives him of honor.

*Caſt.* Beleeve my expeſience: that Realme is never long in quiet,  
Where the Ruler is a Souldier. *Ferd.* Thou toldſt me.

Thy wife could not indure fighting.

*Caſt.* True (my Lord.)

*Ferd.* And of a jefte ſhe broke of a Captaine,  
She met full of wounds : I have forgot it.

*Caſt.* She told him (my Lord) he was a pittifull fellow, to lie,

The Tragedy of

Like the Children of Ismael all in Tents.

Ferd. Why, there's a wit were able to undo  
All the Chyrurgeons o'th City, for although  
Gallants should quarrell, and had drawn their weapons,  
And were ready to go to it; yet her persuasions would  
Mark them put up. Cast. That she would (my Lord)  
How do you like my Spanish Gennit?

Rod. He is all fire.

Ferd. I am of Plinie's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind,  
He runs as if he were ballast'd with Quick-silver.

Sil. True (my Lord) he reeles from the Tilt-often.

Rod. Gris. Ha, ha, ha.

Ferd. Why do yoq laugh? Me thinks you that are Courtiers  
Should be my touch-wood, take fire, when I give fire;  
That is, laugh when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Cast. True (my Lord) I my selfe have heard a very good jest,  
And have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit, as to understand it.

Ferd. But I can laugh at your Foole (my Lord.)

Cast. He cannot speake (you know) but he makes faces,  
My Lady cannot abide him. Ferd. No?

Cast. Nor endure to be in metry company: for she saies  
Too much laughing, and too much company, fits her  
Too full of the wrinkle.

Ferd. I would then have a Mathematicall Instrument made for  
Her face, that she might not laugh out of compasse: I shal shortly  
Visit you at Millaine (Lord Silvius.)

Sil. Your Grace shall arrive most wel-comed.

Ferd. You are a good Horse-man (Antonio) you have excellent  
Riders in France, what do you think of good Horse-man-ship?

Ant. Nobly (my Lord) as out of the Grecian-horse, issued  
Many famous Princes: So, out of brave Horse-man-ship,  
Arise the first Sparkes of growing resolution, that raise  
The mind to noble action.

Ferd. You have be-spoake it worthily.

Sil. Your brother, the Lord Cardinall, and sister Dutchesse.

Card. Are the Gallies come about?

Gris. They are (my Lord.)

Ferd. Here's the Lord Silvius come to take his leave.

Det. Now (Sir) your promise: what's that Cardinall?  
I meane his temper? they say he's a brave fellow,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Will play his five thousand crownes at Tennis, Daunce,  
Court Ladies, and one that hath sought single Combats.

*Ant.* Some such fl. sh. s. perfidiously hang on him, for forme:  
But observe his inward Chyracter: he is a melancholly  
Church-man: The Sp ring in his face, is nothing but the  
Ingendring of Toades: where he is jealous of an man,  
He laies wois- plots for them, than ever was impos'd on  
*Hercules*: for he strewes in his way Flatters, Panders,  
Intelligencers, Atheists, and a thousand such politicall  
Monsters: he shou'd have been Pope: but in stead of  
Comming to it, by the primatiue decencie of the Church,  
He did bestow bribes so largely, and so impudently, as if he would  
Have carried it away without Heavens knowledge. Some good he  
Hath done.

*Del.* You have given too much of him: what's his brother?

*Ant.* The Duke there? a most perverse, and turbulent Nature,  
What appeares in him mirth, is merely outside,  
If hee laugh hartily, it is to laugh:  
All honesty out of fashion.      *Del.* Twins.

*Ant.* In quality:

He speakes with others tonges, and heares mens suites,  
With others eare: will seeme to sleep o'th bench  
Only to intrap offenders in their anwers;  
Doomes men to death, by information,

Rewards, by heare-lay.      *Del.* Then the Law to him  
Is like a fowle black Cob-web to a Spider,  
He makes it his dwelling, and a prison

To entangle those shall feed him.      *Ant.* Most true:

He nev'r payes debts unlesse they be shrew'd turnes,  
And those he will confess, that he doth owe,

Last: for his brother, there, (the Cardinall)

They that do flatter him most, say Oracles:

Hang at his lip: and verily I beleive them:

For the Devill speaks in them.

But for their sister, (the right noble Dutchesse)

You never fix'd your eye, on three faire Meddals:

Cast in one figure, of so different temper:

For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,

You only will begin, then to be sorry

When she doth end her speech: and wish (in wonder)

*The Tragedy of*

She held it lesss vaine glory, to talke much.  
Than your penitance to heare her : whilst she speakes,  
She throwes upon a man so sweet a looke,  
That it wereable raise one to a Galliard  
That lay in a dead palsey ; and to doate  
On that sweet countenance : but in that looke,  
There speaketh so divine a continence,  
As cuts off all lascivious, and vaine hope.  
Her dayes are practis'd in such noble vertue,  
That, sure her nights (nay more her very Sleeps)  
Are more in heaven, than other Ladies Shirts.  
Let all sweet Ladies, breake their flattning Glasses,  
And dresse themselves in her. *Del. Fye Antonio,*  
You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

*Ant.* I'll case the picture up : only thus much,  
All her particular worth, growes to this sum :  
She stains the time past : lights the time to come.

*Cariola.* You must attend my Lady in the gallery,  
Some halfe an houre hence. *Ant.* I shall.

*Ferd.* Sister, I have a suit to you : *Dutch.* To me sir ?

*Ferd.* A Gentleman here : *Daniel de Bosola :*  
One that was in the Gallies. *Dutch.* Yes, I know him.

*Ferd.* A worthy fellow he is : pray let me entreat for  
The provisorship of your horse.

*Dutch.* Your knowledge of him,

Commends him and prefers him. *Ferd.* Call him hither,

We now upon parting : Good Lord *Silvio*

Doe us commend to all our noble friends

At the Leaguer. *Sil.* Sir, I shall.

*Ferd.* You are for *Millaine* ? *Sil.* I am. (Haven

*Dutch.* Bring the Carreches : we'll bring you downe to the

*Car.* Be sure you entertaine that *Bosola*

For your intelligence : I would not be seene in't.

And therefore many times I have slighted him,

When he did court our furtherance : as this Morning.

*Ferd.* *Antonio*, the great Master of her houshold

Had beene farre fitter.

*Card.* You are deceiv'd in him,

His Nature is too honest for such busynesse,

He comes : I'll leave you : *Bos.* I was lur'd to you.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Ferd.* My brother here (the Cardinall) could never abide you. *Bos.* Never since he was in my debt.

*Ferd.* May be some oblique character in your face, made him suspect you?

*Bos.* Doth he study Phisiognomy?

There's no more credit to be give to th'face,  
Than to a sicke mans uryn, which some call  
The Physicians whore, because she cozens him :  
He did suspect me wrongfully. *Ferd.* For that  
You must give great men leave to take their times :  
Distrust, doth cause us seldombe deceiv'd ;  
You see, the oft shaking of the Cedar-Tree  
Fastens it more at root. *Bos.* Yet take heed :  
For to suspect a friend unworthily,  
Instructs him the next way to suspect you.  
And prompts him to deceive you.

*Ferd.* There's gold. *Bos.* So.

What followes ? (Never rain'd such shewres as these  
Without thunderbolts i'th taile of them) whose throat must I cut ?

*Ferd.* Your inclination to shed blood, rides poste  
Before my occasion to use you : I give you that  
To live i'th Court, here : and observe the Dutchesse,  
To note all the particulars of her behaviour :  
What suitors do solicite her for marriage  
And whom she best affects : she's a yong widow,  
I would not have her marry againe. *Bos.* No Sir ?

*Ferd.* Doe not you aske the reason : but be satisfied,  
I say I would not.

*Bos.* It seemes you would create me  
One of your familiars. *Ferd.* Familiar ? what's that ?

*Bos.* Why, a very quaint invisible divell, in flesh:  
An Intelligencer.

*Ferd.* Such a kind of thriving thing  
I would wish three ; and ere long, thou maist arrive  
At a higher place by't. *Bos.* Take your Divels  
Which Hell calls Angels: these curs'd gifts would make  
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor,  
And should I take these they'lld take me hell.

*Ferd.* Sir, I'le take nothing from you, that I have given:  
There is a place, that I procur'd for you

The Tragedy of

This morning : (the Provisorship o'th horse)

Have you heard ont ? Bos. No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours, is't not worth thanks ?

Bos. I would have you curse your selfe now, that your bounaty  
(Which makes men truly noble) ere should make  
Me a villaine : oh, that to avoid ingratitude  
For the good deed you have done me, I must doe  
All the ill man can invent : Thus the divell  
Candies all sinnes ore : and what Heaven tearmes vild,  
That names he complementall. Fer. Be your selfe :  
Keefe your old garbe of melancholly : 'twill expresse  
You envy those that stand above your reach,  
Yet strive not to come neere 'em : This will gaine  
Access, to private lodgings, where your selfe  
May (like a pollitique dormouse,

Bos. As I have seene some,  
Feed in a Lords dish, halfe a sleepe, not seeming  
To listento any talke : and yet these Rogues  
Have crit his throat in a dreame : what's my place ?  
The Provisorship o'th horse ? say then my corruption  
Grew out of horse-dung : I am your creature Fer. Away.

Bos. Let good men , for good deeds, covet good fame,  
Since place, and riches oft are bribes of shame ;  
Sometimes the Divell doth preach. Exit Bosola.

Card. We are to part from you : and your own discretion  
Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a Widowe :  
You know already what man is : and therefore  
Let not youth : high promotion, eloquence,  
Sway your high blood.

Card. No, nor any th ng without the addition, Honor,  
Will wed twice. Card. O fie :

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted  
Than Labans sheepe.

Duch. Diamonds are of most value  
They say ; that have p st through most Jewellers hands.

Ferd. Whores, by that rule are precious :

Duch. Will you heare me ?

I'll never marry. Ferd. So most Widowes say :

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

But commonly that motion lasts no longer  
Than the turning of an houre-glasse, the funerall Sermon,  
And it, end both together. *Ferd.* Now heare me :  
You live in a ranke piture here; i'th Court,  
There is a kind of honny-dew, that's deadly :  
Twill poyson your fame ; looke ro't : be not cunnинг :  
For they whose faces doe belye their hearts,  
Are Witches; e're they arrive at twenty yeeres,  
*I:* and give the divell succ'e.

*Duch.* This is terrible good councell :

*Ferd.* Hypocrisie is woven of a fine small thred,  
(Subtler than *Vulcans* Engine : yet (beleev't)  
Your darkeſt actions : nay your privat thoughts,  
will come to light.

*Card.* You may flatter your ſelfe,  
And take your owne choice : privately be married  
Under the Eves of night.

*Ferd.* Think't the best voyage  
That ere you made ; like the irregular Crab,  
Which thought goes backward, thinkes that it goes right,  
Because it goes its owne way : but obſerve ;  
Such weddings may more properly be ſaid  
To be executed, than celebrated.

*Card.* The marriage night  
Is the entrance into ſome prison.

*Ferd.* And thoſe joyes,  
Thoſe luſtfull pleasures, are like heavy ſleepes  
Which doe fore-run mans miſchiefe.

*Card.* Fare you well.

Wifedome begins at the end : remember it.

*Duch.* I thinke this ſpeech betweene you both was ſtudied,  
It came ſo roundly off. *Ferd.* You are my ſister,  
This was my fathers poyniard : doe you ſee.  
I'd be loath to ſee it looke rusty, 'caufe twas his :  
I would have you give or'e theſe chargeable Revels ;  
A Vizor, and a Malque are whispering roomes  
That were never built for goodneſſe : fare ye well :  
And women, like that part, which (like the Lamprey)  
Hath nev'r a bone in't. *Duch.* Fye Sir. *Ferd.* Nay,  
I meane the tongue : variety of Courtſhip;

*The Tragedy of*

What cannot a neat knave with a smoothe tale,  
Make a woman beleeve ? farewell, lusty Widow.

*Duch.* Shall this move me ? if all my royll kindred  
Lay in my way, unto this marriage ;  
I'd make them my low foot-steps : And even now,  
Even in this hate (as men in some great battailes  
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd  
Almost impossible actions : I have heard Souldiers say so,  
So I, through frights, and threatnings, will affray  
This dangerous venture : Let old wives report  
I winc'd, and chose a husband : *Cariola,*  
To thy knowne secrity, I have given up  
More than my life, my fame.

*Cariola.* Both shall be safe :  
For I'le conceal this secret from the world  
As warily as those that trade in poysen,  
Keepe poysen from their children.

*Duch.* Thy protestation  
Is ingenious and hearty : I beleeve it.  
Is *Antonio* come ? *Cariola.* He attends you.

*Duch.* Good deare sou'e,  
Leave me : but pl ce thy selfe behind the Arras,  
Where thou miſt over-heare us : wish me good speed  
For I am going into a Wilderness,  
Where I ſhall finde no path, nor friendly eiew  
To be m'g.i'e. I ſent for you, Sit downe :  
Take Pen and Inckes and write : are you ready ?

*Ant.* Yes : *Duch.* What did I ſay ?  
*Ant.* That I ſhould write ſomewhat.

*Duch.* Oh, I remember :  
After this triumphs, and this large expence  
It's fit (like thrifty husbands) we enquire  
What's laid up for to morrow :

*Ant.* So please your beauteous Excellence. (fale.)  
*Duch.* Beauteous ? Indeed I thankē you : I look yong for your  
Yōu ſhall take my care upon you.

*Ant.* I'le fetch your Grace the  
Particulars of your ievenew, and expence.

*Duch.* Oh, you are an upright treaſurer ! but you miſtooke,  
For when I aid I meant to make inquiry,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

What's laid up for to morrow : I did meane  
What's laid up yonder for me.

*Ant.* Where ?    *Duch.* In Heaven.

I am making my will (as'tis fit Princes should  
In perfect memory) and I pray Sir, tell me  
Were not one better to make it smiling, thus ?  
Than in deep groanes, and terrible ghastly looks,  
As if the gifts we parted with, procr'd

That violent destruction ?    *Ant.* Oh, much better.

*Duch.* If I had a husband now, this care were quit :  
But I intend to make you Over-seer ;  
What good deed, shall we first remember ? say.

*Ant.* Begin with that good deed that first began i'th world,  
After mans creation, the Sacrement of marriage,  
I'd have you provide for a good husband,  
Give him all.    *Duch.* All ?

*Ant.* Yes, your excellent selfe.

*Duch.* In a winding-sheet ?    *Ant.* In a couple.

*Duch.* St. Winfrid, that were a strange will.

*Ant.* Twere strange if there were no will in you  
To marry againe.

*Duch.* What doe you thinke of marriage ?

*Ant.* I take't, as those that deny purgatory,  
It locally containes, or heaven, or hell,  
There's no third place in't.

*Duch.* How doe you affect it ?

*Ant.* My banishment, feeding my melancholly,  
Would often reason thus.

*Duch.* Pray let sheare it.

*Ant.* Say a man never marry, nor have children,  
What takes that from him ? only the bare name  
Of being a father, or the weake delight  
To see the little wanton, ride a cock-horse,  
Upon a painted stick, or haue him chatter  
Like a taught starling.

*Duch.* F este ye, what's all this ?  
One of your eyes is blood shot, use my Ring to't,  
They say 'tis very soueraigne, 'twas my wedding Ring,  
And I did vow never to part with it,  
But to my second husband.

*The Tragedy of*

*Ant.* You have parted with it now.  
*Dutch.* Yes, to helpe your eye-sight.  
*Ant.* You have made me starke blinde. *Dutch.* How?  
*Ant.* There is a sawcy, and ambitious divell,  
Is dancing in this circle.

*Dutch.* Remoove him. *Ant.* How?  
*Dutch.* There needes small conjuration, when your finger  
May doe it: thus, is it fit? he kneeles.

*Ant.* What said you? *Dutch.* Sir,  
This goodly roofe of yours, is too low built,  
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,  
Without I raise it higher: raise your selfe,  
Or if you please, my hand to helpe you: so.

*Ant.* Ambition (Madam) is a great mans madnes.  
That is not kept in chaunes, and close-pent-rooms,  
But in faire lightsome lodgings, and is girt  
With the wild no[n]se of spratling visitans,  
Which makes it lunatique, beyond all cure,  
Conceive not, I am so stupid, but I ay me  
Whereto your favours tend: But he's a foole  
That (being a cold) would thrust his hands i'th'fire  
To warme them.

*Dutch.* So, now the ground's broke,  
You may discover what a wealthy Mine,  
I make you Lord of. *Ant.* Oh my unworthiness.

*Dutch.* You were ill to sell your selfe,  
This darkning of your worth, is not like that  
Which trades-men use i'th' City, their false lights  
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you  
If you would know where breathes a compleat man,  
(I speake it without flattery) turne your eyes,  
And progresse through your selfe.

*Ant.* Were there nor heaven nor hell,  
I should be honest: I have long serv'd vertue,  
And nev'r tane wages of her. *Dutch.* Now she paies it,  
The misery of us, that are borne great,  
We are fore'd to woe, because none dare woe us:  
And as a Tyrant doubles with his words,  
And fearefully equivocates: so we  
Are forced to expresse our violent passions

*the Dutcheſſe of Malfy.*

In riddles, and in dreames, and leave the path  
Of ſimple vertue, which was never made  
To ſeeme the thing it is not : Goe, go brag  
You have left me heartleſſe, mine is in your boſome,  
I hope 'twill multiply love there : You doe tremble :  
Make not your heart ſo dead a piece of flesh  
To feare, more than to love me : Sir, be confident,  
What iſt diſtracts you ? This is flesh, and blood (Sir)  
'Tis not the figure cut in Alabaster  
Kneeles at my husbands Tombe : Awake, awake (man)  
I do here put off all vaine ceremony,  
And only do appeare to you a long Widow  
That claimes you for her husband, and like a Widow,  
I uſe but halfe a bluſh in't.    *Ant.* Truth ſpeakē for me,  
I will remaine the conſtant Sanctuary  
Of your good name.

*Dutch.* I thanke you (gentle love)  
And 'cause you ſhall not come to me, in debt,  
(Being now my Steward) here upon your lips  
I ſigne your *Quietus eſt* : This you ſhould have beg'd now,  
I have ſeen children oft eat sweet-meates thus,  
As fearefull to devoure them too ſoone.

*Ant.* But for our Brothers ?

*Dutch.* Do not thinke of them,  
All diſcord, without this circumference,  
Is only to be pittied, and not fear'd :  
Yet, ſhould they know it, time will eaſily  
Scatter the tempeſt.

*Ant.* These words ſhould be mine,  
And all the parts you have ſpoke, if ſome part of it  
Would not have favour'd flattery.

*Dutch.* Kneele.    *Ant.* Haſh ?

*Dutch.* Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my Councell,  
I have heard Law-ers ſay, a contract in a Chamber,  
(*Per verba praesenti*) is abſolute marriage :  
Bleſſe (Heaven) this ſacred Gordian, which, let violence  
Never untwine.

*Ant.* And may our ſweet affections (like the Spheares)  
Be ſtill in motion.

*Dutch.* Quickning, and make

The Tragedy of

The like soft Musique.

*Ant.* That we may imitate the loving Palmes  
(Best Embleme of a peacefull marriage)  
That nev'r bore fruit divided.

*Duch.* What can the Church force more?

*Ant.* That Fortune may not know an accident  
Either of joy, or sorrow, to divide  
Our fixed wishes.

*Duch.* How can the Church Build faster?  
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church  
That must but echo this: Maid, stand apart,  
I now am blinde.

*Ant.* What's your conceit in this?

*Duch.* I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,  
Unto your mariage bed:  
(You speake in me this, for we now are one)  
We'll only lie, and talke together, and plot  
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please  
(Like the old tale, in *Alexander and Lodowicke*)  
Lay a naked sword betweene us, keepe us chaste:  
Oh, let me shrowd my blushes in your bosome,  
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.

*Car.* Whether the spirit of greatnes, or of woman  
Raigne most in her, I know not, but it shewes  
A fearfull madnes, I owe her much of pity.

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

*Bosola, Castrinchio, an Old Lady, Antonio, Delio,  
Dutchesse, Rodorico, Grisolan*

*Bos.* You say you would faine be taken for an eminent Courtier?  
*Cast.* 'Tis the very maine of my ambition.

*Bos.* Let me see, you have a reasonable good face for't already  
And your night-cap expresses your eares sufficient largely,  
I would have you learne to twirle the strings of your band with a  
Good grace; and in a set speech (at th' end of every sentence)  
To hum, three or four times, or blow your nose (till it smart again)  
To recover your memory, when you come to be a presidient in  
Criminall causes, if you smile upon a prisoner, hang him, but if  
You frowne upon him, and threaten him, let him be sure to scape  
The Gallowes.    *Cast.* I would be a very merry presidient.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Bos.* Do not sup a nights, twill beget you an admirable wit.

*Cast.* Rather it would make me have a good stomack to quarrel,  
For they say, your roaring boyes eat meat seldome,

And that makes them so valiant :

But how shall I know whether the people take me

For an eminent fellow.

*Bos.* I will teach a tricke to know it,

Give out you lye a dying, and if you

Heare the common people curse you,

Be sure you are taken for one of the prime night-caps,

You come from painting now ?      *Old La.* From what ?

*Bos.* Why, from your scurvy face-physickie,

To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat neere

A miracle : These in thy face here, were deep rutts,

And foule sloughes the last progresse :

There was a Lady in France, that having had the small pockes,

Flead the Skinne off her face, to make it more levell ;

And whereas before she lookt like a Nutmeg-grater,

After she resembled an abortive hedge-hog,

*Old La.* Do youcall this painting ?

*Bos.* No, no, but you call carrening of an old

Morphew'd Lady, to make her disembogue againe,

There's rough-cast phrase to your plastique.

*Old La.* It seemes you are well acquainted with my closet ?

*Bos.* One would suspect it for a shop of witch-craft,

To finde in it the fat of Serpents ; spawne of Snakes, Jewes spittle,

And their yong childrens ordure, and all these for the face :

I would sooner eat a dead pigeon, taken from the soles of the feet

Of one sicke of the plague, than kisse one of you fasting :

Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth, is the very

Patrimony of the Physitian, makes him renew his

Foot-cloth with the Spring, and change his

High-priz'd curtezan with the fall of the leafe :

I doe wonder you doe not loath your selves,

Observe my meditation now :

What thing is in this outward forme of man

To be belov'd ? we account it ominous,

If Nature doe produce a Colt, or Lambe,

A Fawne, or Goat, in any limbe resembling

A man ; and flye from't as a prodegy.

The Tragedy of

Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity,  
In any other Creature but himselfe.  
But in our owne flesh, though we beare diseases  
Which have their true names, only cane from beasts,  
As the most ulcerous Woolfe, and swinish Meazeall;  
Though we are eaten up of lice; and wormes,  
And though continually we beare about us  
A rotten and dead body, we delight  
To hide it in rich tissow all our feare,  
(Nay all our terror) is least our Physician  
Should put us in the ground, to be made sweet.  
Your wife's gone to *Rome*: you two couple, and get you  
To the wels at *Leuca*, to recover your aches.  
I have other worke on foot: I observe our Dutchesse  
Is sicke a dayes, she puykes, her stomacke seethes,  
The fyns of her eye-lids, looke most teeming blew,  
She waines i'th' cheeke, and waxes fat, i'th' flanke;  
And (contrary to our *Italian* fashion)  
Weares a loose bodied gowne, there's somewhat in't,  
I have a tricke may chance discover it  
(A pretty one) I have bought some Apricocks,  
The first our Spring yeelds. *Del.* And so long since married?  
You amaze me.

*Ant.* Let me seale your lips for ever,  
For did I thinke, that any thing but th'ayre,  
Could carry these words from you, I should wish  
You had no breath at all: Now Sir, in your contemplation?  
You are studying to become a great wise fellow?

*Bos.* Oh Sir, the opinion of wisdome, is a foule terror,  
That runs all over a mans body: if simplicity  
Direct us to have no evill, it directs us to a happy  
Being: For the subtlest folly proceedes from the  
Sublest wisdome: Let me be simply honest.

*Ant.* I doe understand your in-side. *Bos.* Do you so?

*Ant.* Because you would not seeme to appeare to th'world,  
Puff'd up with your preferment: You continue  
This out of fashion melancholly, leave it, leave it.

*Bos.* Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in any  
Complement whatsoever, shall I confess my selfe to you?  
I looke no higher than I can reach:

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

They are the gods, that must ride on winged horses,  
A Lawyers mule of a slow pace, will both suit  
My disposition, and businesse : For (marke me)  
When a mans mind rides faster than his horse can gallop,  
They quickly both tyre.

*Ant.* You would looke up to Heaven, but I thinke  
The divell, that rules i'th'aire, stands in your light,

*Bos.* Oh (Sir) you are Lord of the ascendant,  
Chief man with the Dutchesse, a Duke was your  
Cosen German remov'd : Say you were lineally  
Descended from King *Pippin*, or hehimselfe,  
What of this ? search the heads of the greatest rivers in  
The world, you shall finde them but bubbles of water :  
Some would thinke the soules of Princes were brought  
Forth by some more weighty cause, than those of meaner persons,  
They are deceiv'd, there's the same hand to them :  
The like passions sway them, the same reason, that makes  
A Vicar to goe to law for a tithe-pig,  
And undoe his neighbours, makes them spoile  
A whole Province, and batter downe goodly  
Cities, with the Canon.

*Duch.* Your arme *Antonio*, do I not grow fat ?  
I am exceeding short-winded : *Bosola*,  
I would have you (sir) provide for me a Litter,  
Such a one as the Dutchesse of *Florence* rode in.

*Bos.* The Dutchesse us'd one when she was great with childe.  
*Duch.* I thinke she did : come hither, mend my ruffe,  
Here, when ? thou art such a tedious Lady ; and  
Thy breath smels of Lemon pils, woud thou hadst done,  
Shall I swound under thy fingers ? I am  
So troubled with the mother.   *Bos.* I feare too much.

*Duch.* I have heard you say, that the French Courtiers  
Weare their Hats on fore the King.   *Ant.* I have seen it.

*Duch.* In the presence ?   *Ant.* Yes:  
Why should not we bring vp that fashion ?  
'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists  
In the remooving of a piece of felt ;  
Be you the example to the rest o'th'Court,  
Put on your hat first.

*Ant.* You must pardon me :

The Tragedy of

I have scene, in colder countries than in France,  
Nobles stand bare to th' Prince ; and the distinction  
My thought shew'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your Grace.

Duch. For me sir ? Bos. Apricocks (Madame).

Duch. O sir, where are they ?

I have heard of none to yeere. Bos. Good, her colour rises.

Duch. Indeed I thank you : they are wondrous faire ones :  
What an unskilfull fellow is our Gardiner ?

We shall have none this moneth.

Bos. Will not your Grace pare them ?

Duch. No, they taste of muske (methinkes) indeed they doe :

Bos. I know not : yet I wish your Grace had pard'e em :

Duch. Why ? Bos. I forgot to tell you the knave Gardiner,  
(only to raise his profit by them the sooner)

Did ripen them in horse-dung. Duch. O you jest :

You shall judge : pray taste one. Ant. Indeed Madam,  
I doe not love the fruit. Duch. Sir you are loath

To rob us of our dainties : tis a delicate fruit,

They say they are restorative ? Bos. 'Tis a pretty

Art : this grafting. Duch. 'Tis so : betwixt of nature.

Bos. To make pippin grow upon a crab,  
A dampson on a black-thorne : how greedily she eats them ?

A whirlewinde strike off these bawd-farthingalls,

For, but for that, and the loose-bodied gowne,

I should have discover'd apparently.

The yong spring-hall cutting a caper in her belly.

Duch. I thanke you (Bosola) they were right good ones,  
If they do not make me sick. Ant. How now Madame ?

Duch. This greene fruit and my stomacke are not friends,  
How they swell me ?

Bos. Nay, you are too much swell'd already.

Duch. Oh, I am in an extreme cold sweat.

Bos. I am very sory.

Duch. Lights to my Chamber : O, good Antonio,  
I feare I am undone. Exit Dutchesse.

Del. Lights there, lights.

Ant. O my trusty Delio, we are lost !  
I feare she's falne in labour : and there's left  
No time for her remove.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Del.* Have you prepar'd  
Those Ladies to attend her? and procur'd  
That politique safe conveyance for the Mid-wife  
Your Dutchesse plotted.   *Ant.* I have.

*Del.* Make use them of this forc'd occasion :  
Give out that *Bosola* hath poysон'd her,  
With these Apricocks : that will give some colour  
For her keeping close.   *Ant.* Fye, fye, the Physicians  
Will then flocke to her.

*Del.* For that you may pretend  
She'll use some prepar'd Antidote of her owne,  
Least the Physicians should repoyson her.

*Ant.* I am lost in amazement: I know not what to think on't. *Ex.*

S C E N A II.

*Bosola, Old Lady, Antonio, Rodorico, Grisolan  
Servants, Delio, Cariola.*

*Bos.* So so : there's no question but her teatchives  
And most vulturous eating of the Apricocks, are apparant  
Signes of breeding, now?   *Old La.* I am in haste (Sir)

*Bos.* There was a yong waiting-woman, had a monstrous desire  
To see the Glasse-house.   *Old La.* Nay pray let me go.

*Bos.* And it was only to know what strange instrument it was,  
Should swell up a Glasse to the fashion of a womans belly.

*Old La.* I will heare no more of the Glasse-house,  
You are still abusing women?

*Bos.* Who I? no, only (by the way now and then) mention  
Your frailties. The Orreng tree beare ripe and greene  
Fruit, and blossoms altogether : and some of you give entertainment  
For pure love : but more, for more preceious reward. The lusty  
Spring smels well : but drooping Autumnne tastes well : If we  
Have the same golden showres, that rained in the time of Jupiter  
The Thunderer, you have the same Dances still, to hold up their  
Laps to receive them : didst thou never study the *Mathematiques*?

*Old La.* What's that (sir)

*Bos.* Why, to know the tricke how to make a many lines meeete  
In one center : Go, go ; give your foster-daughters good counsell,  
Tell them, that the divell takes delight to hang at a womans girdle  
Like a false rusty watch that she cannot discerne how  
The time passes.   *Ant.* Shut up the Court gates.

The Tragedy of

Rod. Why sir? what's the danger?  
Ant. Shut up the posternes presently: and call  
All the Officers o'th' Court. Grif. I shall instantly.  
Ant. Who keepes the key o'th' Park-gate?  
Rod. Forbosco. Ant. Let him bring't presently.  
Servant. Oh, Gentlemen o'th' Court, the fowlest treason.  
Bos. Ifthat these Apricocks shoule be poyson'd now;  
Without my knowledge.

Serv. There was taken even now a Switzer  
In the Dutchesse Bed-chamber. 2 Serv. A Switzer?  
Serv. With a pistoll in his great cod-piece.  
Bos. Ha, ha, ha. Serv. The cod-piece was the case for't.  
2 Serv. There was a cunning traitor.  
Who would have search'd his cod-piece?  
Serv. True, if he had kept out of the Ladies chambers:  
And all the mowldes of his buttons, were leaden bullets.  
2 Ser. Oh wicked Caniball: a fire-lock in's cod-piece?  
Serv. 'Twas a French plot upon my life.  
2 Serv. To see what the divell can doe.

Ant. All the Officers here. Ser. We are. Ant. Gentlemen,  
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening  
Jewels, to the value of foure thousand Duckars,  
Are missing in the Dutchesse Cabinet,  
Are the gates shut? Serv. Yes.

Ant. 'Tis the Dutchesse pleasure  
Each Officer be lock't into his chamber  
Till the Sun-rising: and to send the keyes  
Of all their chests, and of their outward doores  
Into her Bed-chamber: She is very sicke.

Rod. At her pleasure.  
Ant. She intreats you tak't not ill: The innocent  
Shall be the more approy'd by it.

Bos. Gentleman o'th' Wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?  
Serv. By this hand 'twas credibly reported by one o'th' Black-  
Del. How fares it with the Dutchesse? (guard.)

Ant. She's expos'd  
Unto the worst of torture, paine and feare.

Del. Speake to her all happy comfort.

Ant. How I do play the foole with mine owne danger?  
You are this night (deare friend) to poste to Rome,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*My life lies in your service.*    *Del.* Do not doubt me.

*Ant.* Oh, 'tis farre from me : and yet feare presents me  
Somewhat that looks like danger.

*Del.* Beleeve it,

'Tis but the shadow of your feare, no more :  
How superstitiously we mind our evils ?  
The throwing downe salt, or crossing of a Hare ;  
Bleeding at nose, the stumblng of a horse :  
Or singing of a Criket, are of power  
To daunt whole man in us : Sir, fare you well :  
I wish you all the jo es of a blest father ;  
And (for my faith) lay this into your brest,  
Old friends (like old swords) still are trusted best.

*Cariola.* Sir, you are the happy father of a sonne,  
Your wife com mends him to you.    *Ant.* Blessed comfort :  
For Heaven sake tend her well : I'le presently  
Go set a figure for's Nativitie,

*Exerne.*

S C E N A. III..

*Bosola, Antonio,*

*Bos.* Sure I did heare a woman shrieke : list, hah ?  
And the sound came (if I receiv'd it right)  
From the Dutchesse lodgings : there's some stratagem,  
In the confining all our Courtiers  
To their severall wards : I must have part of it,  
My Intelligenee will frieze else : List againe,  
It may be 'twas the melancholly bird,  
(Best friend of silence, and of solitarines),  
The Owle, that schream'd so : hah ? *Antonio?*

*Ant.* I heard some noyle : whose there ? what are thou ? speak.

*Bos.* Antonio ? Put not your face ; nor body  
To such a sore'd expression of feare,  
I am Bosola your friend.    *Ant.* Bosola ?  
(This Moale do's undermin me) heard you not  
A noise even now ?    *Bos.* From whence ?

*Ant.* From the Dutchesse lodging.

*Bos.* Not I : did you ?    *Ant.* I did, or else I dream'd.

*Bos.* Let's walke towards it.

*Ant.* No : It may be 'twas

The Tragedy of

But the rising of the wind. Bos. Very likely :  
Methinkes 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat.  
You looke wildly.

Ant. I have bin setting a figure  
For the Dutchesse Jewels;

Bos. Ah, and how falls your question ?  
Do you find it radicall ? Ant. What's that to you ?  
'Tis rather to be question'd what designe  
(When all men were commanded to their lodgings)  
Makes you a night-walker.

Bos. In sooth I'le tell you :  
Now all the Court's asleepe, I thought the divell  
Had least to doe here ; I came to say my prayers,  
And if it doe offend you, I doe so,  
You are a fine Courtier.

Ant. This fellow will undoe me ;  
You gave the Dutchesse Apricocks to day,  
Pray heaven they were not poysон'd ?

Bos. Poyson'd ? a Spanish fig  
For the imputation. Ant. Traitors are ever confident,  
Till they are discover'd : There were Jewels stolne too,  
In my conceit, none are to be suspected  
More than your selfe. Bos. You are a false Steward.

Ant. Sawcy slave ; I'le pull thee up by the rootes.  
Bos. May be the ruyne will crush you to peeces.  
Ant. You are an impudent snake indeed (sir)  
Are you scarce warme, and doe you shew your sting ?  
You Libell well (sir.) Bos. No sir,  
Copy it out, and I will set my hand to't.

Ant. My nose bleeds : One that were superstitious, wold count  
This ominous, when it neere comes by chance.  
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name  
Are drown'd in blood; mere accident : for you (sir) I'le take order :  
I' th morne you shall be safe ; 'tis that must colour  
Her lying in ; sir, this dore you passe not :  
I doe not hold it fit, that you come neere  
The Dutchesse lodgings, till you have quite your selfe ;  
The Great are like the Base ; nay, they are the same,  
When they seeke shamefull waies, to avoyd shame.

Bos. Antonio here about, did drop a Paper,

Exit.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Some of your helpe (false friend) oh, here it is :  
What's here ? a childe's Nativity calculated ?

The Dutchesse was deliver'd of a Sonne, 'tweene the houres  
twelve and one, in the night : Anno Dom: 1504, (that's this yeer)  
decimo nono Decembris, (that's this night) taken according to  
the Meridian of Malfy (that's our Dutchesse, happy discovery.)  
the Lord of the first house being combust on the ascendant, signifieth  
short life : and Mars being in a human signe, joyn'd to the taile of  
the Dragon, in the eight house, doth threaten a violent death ;  
Cætera non scrutantur.

Why now 'tis most apparant : This precise fellow  
Is the Dutchesse Bawde : I have it to my wish :  
This is a parcell of Intelligency  
Our Courtiers were cal'd up for ? It needes must follow,  
That I must be committed, on pretence  
Of poysoning her : which I'le endure, and laugh at :  
If one could finde the father now : but that  
Time will discover ; Old Castruchio  
I'th morning posts to Rome ; by him I'le send  
A Letter, that shall make her brothers Galls  
Ore-flow their Livers, this was a thrifty way,  
Though lust doe masque in ne'er so strange disguises  
She's oft found witty, but is never wise.

SCENA III.

*Cardinall, and Julia, Servant, and Delio.*

*Card.* Sit : thou art my best of wishes, prethee tell me  
What tricke didst thou invent to come to *Rome*,  
Without thy husband ? *Jul.* Why (my Lord) I told him  
I came to visit an old Anchorite  
Here, for devotion. *Card.* Thou art a witty false one :  
I meane to him. *Jul.* You have prevailed with me  
Beyond my strongest thoughts : I would not now  
Find you inconstant. *Card.* Do not put thy selfe  
To such a voluntary torture, which proceedes  
Out of your owne guilt. *Jul.* (How my) Lord ?)

*Card.* You feare my constancy, because you have approov'd.  
Those giddy and wild turning in your selfe.

*Jul.* Did you ere find them ?

*Card.* Sooth generally for women ;  
A man might strive to make glasse male-able,

The Tragedy of

Ere he should make them fixed,      *Jul.* So, (my Lord)  
*Card.* We had need go borrow that fantastique glasse  
Invented by *Galileo* the Florentine,  
To view another spacious world i'th'Moone,  
And look to finde a constant woman there.

*Jul.* This is very well (my Lord.)

*Card.* Why do you weep ?

Are teares your justification ? the selfesame teares  
Will fall into your husbands bosome, (Lady)  
With a lond protestation, that you love him  
Above the world : Come, I'le love you wisely,  
That jealously, since I am very certaine  
You cannot make me cuckould.      *Jul.* I'le go home  
To my husband. *Card.* You may thanke me Lady,  
I have taken you off your melancholly pearch,  
Boare you upon my fist, and shew'd you game,  
And let you fye at it : I prethee kisse me,  
When thou was't with thy husband, thou was't watcht  
Like a tame Elephant : (till you are to thanke me)  
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,  
But what delight was that ? twas just like one  
That hath a little fingring on the Lute,  
Yet cannot tune it : (till you are to thanke me.)

*Jul.* You told me of a piteous wound i'th'heart,  
And a sickle liver, when you woed me first,  
And spake like one in phisicke.      *Card.* Who's that ?  
Rest firme, for my affection to thee,  
Lightning moves slow to't.      *Serv.* Madam a Gentleman  
That's come poste from *Malfy*, desires to see you.

*Car.* Let him enter, I'le withdraw.      *Ex.* *Ser.* He saies,  
Your husband (old *Castruchio*) is come to *Rome*,  
Most pittifullly tyr'd with riding post.

*Jul.* Signior *D'elio* ? 'tis one of my old Suitors.

*Del.* I was bold and come to see you.

*Jul.* Sir, you are welcome.      *Del.* Do you lie here ?

*Jul.* Sure, your owne experiance  
Will satisfie you now, our Romane Prelates  
Do not keep lodging for Ladies.      *Del.* Very well :  
I have brought you no commendations from your husband,  
For I know none by him.      *Jul.* I heare he's come to *Rome*.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Del.* I never knew man, and beast, of a horse, and a knight,  
So weary of each other, if he had had a good back,  
He would have undertooke to have borne his horse,  
His breech was so pitifully sore.      *Jul.* Your laughter,  
Is my pitty.      *Del.* Lady, I know not whether  
You want mony, but I have brought you some.

*Jul.* From my husband?

*Del.* No, from mine own allowance.

*Jul.* I must heare the condition ere I be bound to take it.

*Del.* Look on't, 'tis gold, hath it not a fine colour?

*Jul.* I have a Bird more beautifull.

*Del.* Try the sound on't.      *Jul.* A Lute-string far exceeds it,  
It hath no smell, like Cassia, or Cyvit,  
Nor is it phisicall, though some fond Doctors  
Perswade us, seeth's in Cullisses, I'le tell you,  
This is a Creature bred by—

*Ser.* Your husband's come,  
Hath deliver'd a letter to the Duke of *Calabria*, that,  
To my thinking hath pur him out of his wits.

*Jul.* Sir, you heare,  
Pray let me know your businesse, and your suite,  
As briefly as can be.

*Del.* With good speed, I would wish you  
(At such time, as you are non-resident  
With your husband) my Mistris.

*Jul.* Sir, Ile go aske my husband if I shall,  
And straight returne your answer.

*Exit.*

*Del.* Very fine, Is this her wit, or honesty that speak thus?  
I heard one say the Duke was highly mov'd  
With a letter sent from *Malfy*: I do feare  
*Antonio* is betray'd: how fearfully  
Shewes his ambition now, (unfortunate Fortune)  
“They passe through whirle-pooles, and deep wos do shun,  
Who the event weigh, ere the action's done.

SCENA V.

*Cardinall, and Ferdinand, with a letter.*

*Ferd.* I have this night dig'd up a man-darke.

*Cxr.* Say you?      *Ferd.* And I am grown mad with't.

*Cxr.* What's the progedy?

The Tragedy o<sup>f</sup>

Ferd. Read there, a sister damn'd, she's loose i' th' hilts :  
Grown a notorious strumpet.

Car. Speake lower. Ferd. Lower ?  
Rogues do not whisper't now, but seeke to publish't,  
(As servants do the bounty of their Lords)  
Aloud ; and with a covetous searching eye,  
To marke who note them : Oh confusion sease her,  
She hath had most cunning bawdes to serve her turne,  
And more secure conveyances for lust,  
Than Townes of garrison for service. Card. Is't possible ?  
Can this be certaine ? Ferd. Rubarbe, oh for rubarbe  
To purge this choller, here's the cursed day  
To prompt my memory, and here 't shall sticke  
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge  
To wipe it out. Card. Why doe you make your selfe  
So wild a tempest ? Ferd. Would I could be one,  
That I might tosse her pallace 'bout her eates,  
Root up her goodly forrests, blast her meades,  
And lay her generall territory as waste,  
As she hath done her honors. Card. Shall our blood ?  
(The royall blood of *Arragon*, and *Castile*)  
Be thus attainted ? Ferd. Apply desperate phisick,  
We must not now use Balsamum, but fire,  
The smarting cupping-glasse, for that's the meane  
To purge infected blood, (such blood as hers :)  
There is a kinde of pitty in mine eye,  
I'le give it to my hand-kercher ; and now 'tis here,  
I'le bequeath this to her Bastard. Card. What to doe ?  
Ferd. Why to make soft lint for his mothers wounds,  
When I have hewed her to peeces.

Card. Curs'd creature,  
Unequall nature, to place womens hearts  
So farre upon the left-side. Ferd. Foolish men,  
That ere will trust their honor in a Barke,  
Made of so slight, weake bul-rush, as this woman,  
Apt every minute to sinke it ? Card. Thus  
Ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honor,  
It cannot weild it.

Ferd. Me thinkes I see her laughing,  
Excellent *Hyenna*, talke to me somewhat, quickly,

*the Dut cheffe of Malfy.*

Or my imagination will carry me  
To see her in the shamefull act of sinne:    *Card.* With whom?

*Ferd.* Happily, with some strong thig'd Bargeman?  
Or one th'wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,  
Or tosse the barre, or else some lovely Squire  
That carries coles up to her private lodgings.

*Card.* You flye beyond your reason.

*Ferd.* Goto (Mistris.)

'Tis not your whores milke that can quench my wild-fire,  
But your whores blood.

*Card.* How idly shewes this rage?  
Which carries you, as men convey'd by witches, through the ayre,  
On violent whirle-windes, this intemperate noise,  
Fitly resembles deafe mens shrill discourse,  
Who talke aloud, thinking all other men  
To have their imperfection.    *Ferd.* Have not you

My palsey?    *Card.* Yes, I can be angry  
Without this rupture, there is not in nature  
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,  
As doth intemperate anger: chide your selfe,  
You have divers men, who never yet exprest  
Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,  
By vexing of themselves: Come, put your selfe  
In tune.    *Ferd.* So, I will only study to seeme  
The thing I am not: I could kill her now,  
In you, or in my selfe, for I doe thinke  
It is some sinne in us, Heaven doth revenge  
By her.    *Card.* Are you starke mad?

*Ferd.* I would have their bodies  
Burnt in a cole-pit, with the vantage stop'd,  
That their curs'd smoake might not ascend to Heaven:  
Or dip the sheetes they lie in, in pitch-or sulphure,  
Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match:  
Or else to boyle their Bastard to a cullise,  
And giv't his leacherous father, to renew  
The sinne of his backe.

*Card.* I'le leave you.    *Ferd.* Nay, I have done,  
I am confident, had I bin damn'd in hell,  
And should have heard of this, it would have put me  
Into a cold sweat: In, in, I'le go sleepe,

The Tragedy of

Till I know who leapes my sister, I'le not stirre :  
That knowne, I'le finde Scorpions to sting my whips.  
And fix her in a generall ecclips.

Exeunt.

A C T U S III. SCENA I.

*Antonio, and Delio, Dutchesse, Ferdinand, Bosola,*

*Ant.* Our noble friend (my most beloved *Delio*)  
Oh, You have bin a stranger long at Court,  
Came you along with the Lord *Ferdinand*?

*Del.* I did sir, and how fares your noble Dutchesse

*Ant.* Right fortunately well : She's an excellent  
Feeder of pedegrees : since you last saw her,  
She hath had two children more, a sonne and daughter.

*Del.* Methinkes 'twas yesterday : Let me but winke,  
And not behold your face, which to mine eye  
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dreame  
It were within this halfe hour.

*Ant.* You have not beeene in Law (friend *Delio*)  
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the Court,  
Nor beg'd the reversion of some great mans place,  
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make  
Your time so infencibly hasten. *Del.* Pray sir tell me,  
Hath not this newes arriv'd yet to the eare  
Of the Lord Cardinall ? *Ant.* I feare it hath,  
The Lord *Ferdinand* (that's newly come to Court)  
Doth bear himselfe right dangerously. *Del.* Pray why ?

*Ant.* He is so quiet, that he seemes to sleepe  
The tempest out (as Dormice do in winter)  
Those houses that are haunted, are most still,  
Till the divell be up. *Del.* What say the common people.

*Ant.* The common-able, do directly say  
She is a Strumpet. *Del.* And your graver heads,  
(Which would be politique) what censure they ?

*Ant.* They do observe, I grow to infinite purchase  
The left hand way, and all suppose the Dutchesse  
Would amend it, if she could : For, say they  
Great Princes, though they grudge their Officers  
Should have such large, and unconfin'd meanes  
To get wealth under them, will not complaine

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Lest thereby they should make them odious  
Unto the people, for other obligation  
Of love or marriage, betweene her and me,  
They never dreame of.    *Dcl. The Lord Ferdinand*  
Is going to bed.    *Ferd.* I'le instantly to bed,  
For I am weary ; I am to be-speake  
A husband for you.    *Duch.* For me sir ? pray who is't ?

*Ferd.* The great Count *Malateste.*    *Dutch.* Fye upon him,  
A Count ? he's a meere sticke of Sugar-candy,  
(You may looke quite thorough him) when I choose  
A husband, I will marry for your honor.

*Ferd.* You shall do well i'nt : How is't (worthy *Antonio* ?)  
*Dutch.* But (Sir) I am to have private conference with you,  
About a scandalous report, is spread  
Touching mine honor.    *Ferd.* Let me be ever deafe to't :  
One of Pasquils paper-bullets, court calumney,  
A pestilent ayre, which Princes Pallaces  
Are seldom purg'd off : Yet, say that it were true,  
I poure it in your bosome, my fix'd love,  
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny  
Faults where they apparant in yon : Go be safe  
In your owne innocency.    *Duch.* Oh bleſſ'd comfort.  
This deadly ayre is purg'd.    *Exeunt*

*Ferd.* Her guilt treads on  
Hot burning cultures : Now *Bosola*,  
How thrives our intelligence ?    *Bos.* Sir uncertainly,  
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but  
By whom, we may go read i' th' Starres..    *Ferd.* Why some  
Hold opinion, all things are written there.

*Bos.* Yes, if we could finde Spectacles to read them,  
I do suspect, there hath bin some Sorcery  
Us'd on the Dutchesse.    *Ferd.* Sorcery, to what purpose ?

*Bos.* To make her dote on some deserteſe fellow,  
She shames to acknowledge.

*Ferd.* Can your faith give way  
To thinke there's power in potions, or in Charmes,  
To make us love, whether we will or no ?

*Bos.* Most certainly.

*Ferd.* Away, these are meere gulleries, horred things  
Invented by ſome cheating Mounte-banckes.

The Tragedy of

To abuse us : Do you thinke that herbes, or charmes  
Can force the will ? Some trialls have bin made  
In this foolish practise ; but the ingredients  
Were lenative poysons, such as are of force  
To make the patient mad ; and straight the wicke  
Sweares (by equivocation, they are in love.  
The witch-craft lies in her rancke blood : this night  
I will force confession from her : You told me  
You had got (within these two dayes) a false key  
Into her Bed-chamber.      *Bos.* I have.

*Ferd.* As I would wish.

*Bos.* What doe you intend to do ?    *Ferd.* Can you ghesse ?

*Bos.* No.    *Ferd.* Do not aske then :

He that can compasse me, and know my drifts,  
May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,  
And sounded all her quick-sands.    *Bos.* I doe not  
Thinke so.    *Ferd.* What do you thinke then, pray ;

*Bos.* That you are  
Your owne Chronicle too much : and grossly  
Flatter your selfe.    *Ferd.* Give me thy hand, I thanke thee :  
I never gave Pension but to flatterers,  
Till I entertained thee : farewell.

*That friend a great mans ruine strongly checks,*  
*Who railes into his belief, all his defects.*

S C E N A II.

*Dutchesse, Antonio, Cariola, Ferdinand, Bosola, Officers.*

*Dutch.* Bring me the Casket hither, and the Glasse ;  
You get no lodging here to night (my Lord.)

*Ant.* Indeed I must perswade one.    *Dutch.* Very good :  
I hope in time 'twill grow into a custome,  
That Noble men shall come with cap and knee,  
To purchase a nights lodging of their wives.

*Ant.* I must lye here.

*Dutch.* Must ? you are a Lord of mis-rule.

*Ant.* Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

*Dutch.* To what use will you put me ?

*Ant.* We'll sleep together.

*Dutch.* Alas, what pleasure can two Lovers find in sleepe ?

*Car.* My Lord, I lye with her often : and I know

the Dutchesse of Malfy.

She'll much disquiet you.

*Ant.* See, you are complain'd of.

*Car.* For she's the sprawlingst bedfellow.

*Ant.* I shall like her the better for that.

*Car.* Sir, shall I aske you a question?

*Ant.* I pray thee *Cariola*.

*Car.* Wherefore still when you lye with my Lady

Do you rise so early? *Ant.* Labouring men

Count the Clocke oftnest *Cariola*,

Are glad when their task's ended. *Dutch.* I'll stop your mouth.

*Ant.* Nay, that's but one, *Venus* had two soft Doves

To draw her Chariot: I must have another:

When wilt thou marry *Cariola*? *Car.* Never(my Lord)

*Ant.* O fie upon this single life: forgo it :

We read how *Daphne*, for her peevish flight

Became a fruitlesse Bay-tree: *Sirius* turn'd

To the pale empty Reede: *Anaxarate*

Was frozen into Marble: whereas those

Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends

Were, by a gracious influence, transhap'd

Into the Olive, Pomgrancet, Mulbery:

Became Flowers, precious Stones, or eminent Starres.

*Car.* This is a vaine Poetry: but I pray you tell me,

If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,

In three severall yong men, which should I choose?

*Ant.* 'Tis a hard question: This was *Paris* case,

And he was blind int'nt, and there was great cause:

For how was't possible he should judge right,

Having three amorous Goddesses in view,

And they starke naked: 'twas a Motion

Were able to benight the apprehension

Of the severest Counsellor of Europe.

Now I looke on both your faces, so well form'd,

It puts me in minde of a question, I would aske.

*Car.* What is't?

*Ant.* I doe wonder why hard-favour'd Ladies

For the most part, keepe worse favour'd wayting women,

To attend them, and cannot endure faire ones.

*Dutch.* Oh, that's soone answer'd.

Did you ever in your life know an ill Painter

*The Tragedy of*

Desire to have his dwelling next doore to the shop  
Of an excellent Picture-maker ? 'twould disgrace  
His face-making, and undo him : I pre-thee  
VVhen were we merry ? my haire tangles.

*Ant.* Pray-thee, *Cariola*, let's steale forth the room,  
And let her talke to her selfe : I have divers times  
Served her the like, when she had chaf'd extreamely :  
I love to see her angry : softly *Cariola*.      *Exeunt.*

*Dut.* Doth not the colour of my haire gin to change ?  
VVhen I waxe gray, I shall have all the Court  
Powder their haire, with Arras, to be like me :  
You have cause to love me, I entred into my heart  
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keyes.  
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping :  
Me thinkes his Presence (being now in Court)  
Should make you keep your own bed: but you'll say  
Love mixt with feare, is sweetest : I'll assure you  
You shall get no more children till my brothers      (*welcome:*  
Consent to bee your Gossips : have you lost your tongue ? 'tis  
For know whether I am doomb'd to live, or die,  
I can do both like a Prince.      *Ferdinand gives her a Poniard.*

*Ferd.* Die then, quickly :  
Vertue, where art thou hid ? what hideous thing  
Is it, that doth clip thee ?      *Dut.* Pray, sir, heare me.

*Ferd.* Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,  
And no essentiall thing ?      *Dut.* Sir.

*Ferd.* Do not speake.      *Dut.* No, sir :  
I will plant my soule in mine eares, to heare you.

*Ferd.* Oh must imperfect light of humane reason ;  
That mak'st so unhappy, to fore-see  
What we can least prevent : Pursue thy wishes,  
And glory in them : there's in shame no comfort,  
But to be past all bounds, and sense of shame.

*Dutch.* I pray, sir, heare me: I am married.

*Dut.* Happily, not to your liking : but for that  
Alas : your sheeres do come untimely now  
To clip the birds wings, that's already flowne :  
VVill you see my Husband ?      *Fer.* Yes, if I  
Could change eyes with a Basilisque.

*Dut.* Sure, you came hither

*Ferd.* The howling of a Wolf

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Is musickē to the (screch-Owle) prethee peace  
What ere thou'art, that hast enjoy'd my sister,  
(For I am sure thou heardst me) for mine owne sake  
Let me not know thee : I came hither, prepar'd  
To worke thy discovery : yet am now perswaded  
It would beget so violent effects

As would damne us both : I would not for ten millions  
I had beheld thee ; therefore use all meanes  
I never may have knowledge of thy name ;  
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,  
On that condition : and for thee (wilde woman)  
If thou doe wish thy Leacher may grow old  
In thy Embracements, I would have thee build  
Such a roome for him as our Anchorites  
To holier use inhabite : Let not the Sun  
Shine on him, till he's dead : Let Dogs and Monkeys  
Only converse with him, and such dumbe things  
To whom nature denies use, to sound his name.  
Doe not keepē a Paraqueto, lest she learne it ;  
If thou doe love him, cut out thine owne tongue  
Lest it bewray him.

*Dutch.* Why might not I marry ?  
I have not gone about, in this, to create  
Any new world, or custome. *Ferd.* Thou art undone.  
And thou hast taine that massy sheet of lead  
That hid thy husband's bones, and foulded it  
About my heart. *Dutch.* Mine bleedes for t.

*Eerd.* Thine? thy heart?  
What should I name't, unlesse a hollow bullet  
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

*Dutch.* You are, in this  
Too strict ; and were you not my Princely brother  
I would say too wilfull : My reputation  
Is safe. *Ferd.* Dost thou know what reputation is,  
I'le tell thee to small purpose, since th'instruction  
Comes now too late.

Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Deat'n,  
Would travell o're the world : and it was concluded  
That thhy should part, and take three severall wayes  
Death told them, they should find him in great battailes.

*The Tragedy of*

Or Cities plagu'd with plagues: Love gives them counsell  
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,  
Where dowries were not talk't of: and sometimes  
'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left  
By their dead Parents: stay (quoth Reputation)  
Do not forsake me: for it is my nature  
If once I part from any man I meet  
I am never found againe: And so, for you:  
You have shooke hands with Reputation,  
And made him invisible: So fare you well.  
I will never see you more. *Dutch.* Why should only I,  
Of all the other Princes of the World  
Be cas'd up, like a holy Relique? I have youth,  
And a little beauty.

*Ferd.* So you have some Virgins,  
That are Witches: I will never see thee more. *Exit.*

*Dutch.* You saw this apparition,

*Enter Antonio with a Pifoll.*

*Ant.* Yes; we are

Betraide; how came he hither I should turne  
This to thee, for that. *Car.* Pray sir doe: and when  
That you have cleft my heart, you shall reade there,  
Mine innocence. *Dutch.* That Gallery gave him entrance.

*Ant.* I would this terrible thing would come againe,  
That (standing on my guard) I might relate  
My warrantable love: ha, what meanes this?

*Dutch.* He left this with me.

*She shewes the ponyard.*

*Ant.* And it seemes, did wish

You would use it on your selfe. *Dutch.* His action  
Seem'd to intend so much. *Ant.* This hath a handle to't,  
As well as a point, turne it towards him,  
And so fasten the keene edge in his rancke Gall:  
How now? who knocks? more Earthquakes?

*Dutch.* I stand

As if a Myne, beneath my feet, were ready  
To be blowne up. *Car.* 'Tis Bosola.

*Dutch.* Away,

Oh misery, me thinkes unjust actions.  
Should we these masques, and curtaines; and not we:  
You must instantly part hence, I have fashion'd it already. *Ex. Ant.*

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Bos.* The Duke your brother is tane up in a whirl wind  
Hath tooke horse, and's rid poste to *Rome*.    *Dutch.* So late?

*Bos.* He told me, (as he mounted into th'saddle)  
You were undone.    *Dutch.* Indeed, I am very neere it.

*Bos.* What's the matter?

*Dutch.* Antonio the master of our houshold  
Hath dealt so falsely with me, in's accounts :  
My brother stood engag'd with me for money  
Ta'ne up of certaine Neopolitane Jewes,  
And Antonio let's the bonds be forfeit.

*Bos.* Strange, this is cunning.    *Dutch.* And hereupon  
My brothers Bills at *Naples* are protested  
Against : call up the Officers.    *Bos.* I shall.

*Exit*

*Dutch.* The place that you must flye to, is *Ancona*,  
Hire a house there. I'le send after you  
My treasure, and my Jewels : our weake safety  
Runs upon ingenious wheeles ; short fillables,  
Must stand for periods : I must now accuse you  
Of such a fained crime, as *Tasso* calls  
*Magnanima Mensogna* : a Noble lye,  
Cause it must shield our honors : harke they are comming.

*Ant.* Will your grace heare me ?

*Dutch.* I have got well by you : you have yeelded me  
A million of losse ; I am like to inherit  
The peoples curses for ; our Stewardship :  
You had the tricke, in Audit time to be sicke,  
Till I had sign'd your *Quicetus* ; and that cur'd you  
Without helpe of a Doctor. Gentlemen,  
I would have this man be an example to you all :  
So shall you hold my favour : I pray let him ;  
For h'as done that (alas) you would not thinke of,  
And (because I intend to be rid of him)  
I meane not to publish : use your fortune elsewhere.

*Ant.* I am strongly arm'd to brooke my over-thow,  
As commonly men bearre with a hard yeere :  
I will not blame the cause on't ; but doe thinke  
The necessity of my malevolent starre  
Procures this, not her humour : O the inconstant,  
And rotten ground of service, you may see :  
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night,

*The Tragedy of*

Takes a long slumber, ore a dying fire;  
As loath to part from't : yet parts thence are cold,  
As when he first sate downe.    *Dutch.* We doe confiscate  
(Towards the satisfying of your accounts)  
All that you have.    *Ant.* I am all yours : and 'tis very fit  
All mine should be so.    *Dutch.* So, sir ; you have your Passe.

*Ant.* You may see (Gentlemen) what 'tis to serve  
A Prince with body and soule.

*Exit.*

*Bos.* Here's an example for extortion ; what moisture is  
drawne out of the Sea, when foule weather comes, powres downe,  
and runs into the Sea againe.

*Dutch.* I would know what are your opinions  
Of this Antonio.

*2 Off.* He could not abide to see a Pigs head gaping,  
I thought your Grace would finde him a Jew.

*3 Off.* I would you had bin Officer, for your owne sake.

*4 Off.* You would have had more money.

*1 Off.* He stop'd his eares with blacke wooll : and to those came  
To him for money said he was thicke of hearing.    (a woman.)

*2 Off.* Some said he was an hermophrobite, for he could not abide

*4 Off.* How icury proud would he looke, when the Treasury  
Well, let him go.    (was full :

*1 Off.* Yes, and the chippings of the Buttery flye after him,  
To scowre his golden Chaine.

*Dutch.* Leave us : what doe you thinke of these?

*Bos.* That these are rogues ; that in's prosperity,  
But to have waited on this Fortune, could have wish'd  
His dirty Stirrop rivited through their noses :  
And follow'd after's Mule, like a Beare in a ring.

Would have prostituted their daughtersto his lust :  
Made their first-borne Intelligencers ; thought none happy  
But such as were borne under his Planet :  
And wore his Livery : and doe these lice drop off now ?  
Well, never looke to have the like againe :  
He hath left a sort of flattering rogues, behind him,  
Their doome must follow : Princes pay flatterers,  
In their owne money Flatterers dissemble their vices,  
And they dissemble their lies, that's Justice :  
Alas, poore Gentleman.

*Dutch.* Poore ? he hath amply fill'd his cosers,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Bos.* Sure he was too honest : *Pluto* the god of riches,  
When he's sent (by *Jupiter*) to any man  
He goes limping, to signify that wealth  
That comes on gods name, comes slowly, but when he's sent  
On the divells arrand, he rides post, and comes in by scuttles :  
Let me shew you, what a most unvalu'd Jewell,  
You have (in a wanton humour) throwne away,  
To blesse the man shall finde him, He was an excellent  
Courtier, and most faithfull, a souldier, that thought it  
As beastly to know his owne value too little,  
As devillish to acknowledge it too much,  
Both his vertue and forme, deserv'd a farre better fortune :  
His discourse rather delighted to judge it selfe, than shew it selfe.  
His breast was fill'd with all perfection,  
And yet it seem'd a private whispering roome,  
It made so little noyse oft.

*Dutch.* But he was basely descended,

*Bos.* Will you make your selfe a mercenary herald,  
Rather to examine mens pedegrees than vertues ?  
You shall want him,  
For know an honest states-man to a Prince,  
Is like a Cedar planted by a Spring,  
The Spring bathes the trees root, the gratefull tree,  
Rewards it with his shadow : you have not done so,  
I would sooner swim to the *Bermootha's* on two Polititians  
Rotten bladders, tide together with an Intelligencers heart-string  
Than depend on so changeable a Princes favour.  
Fare thee well (*Antonio*) since the malice of the world  
Would needs downe with thee, it cannot be said yet  
That any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall,  
Was accompanied with vertue.

*Dutch.* Oh, you render me excellent musick. *Bos.* Say you?

*Dutch.* This good one that you speake of, is my husband.

*Bos.* Do I not dreame ? can this amqitious age  
Have so much goodnes in't, as to prefer  
Of wealth and painted honors ? possible ?

*Dutch.* I have had three children by him.

*Bos.* Fortunate Lady,  
For you have made your private nuptiall bed  
The humble and faire Seminary of peace,

*The Tragedy of*

No question but many an unbenefic'd Scholler  
Shall pray for you, for this deed, and rejoice  
That some preferment in the world can yet  
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land  
(That have no dowries) shall hope, your example  
Will raise them to rich husbands: Should you want  
Souldiers, twould make the very *Turks* and *Moores*  
Turne Christians, and serve you for this act.  
Last, the neglected Poets of your time,  
In honour of this trophee of a man,  
Rais'd by that curious engine, (your white hand)  
Shall thanke you, in your grave for't; and make that  
More reverend than all the Cabinets  
Of living Princes: For *Antonio*  
His fame, shall likewise flow, from many a pen,  
When Herald's shall want coates, to sell to men.

*Dut.* As I taste comfort, in this friendly speech,  
So would I find concealement.

*Bos.* O the secret of my Prince,  
Which I will weare on th'in-side of my heart.

*Dut.* You shall take charge of all my coyne, and jewels,  
And follow him, for he retires himselfe

To *Ancona*.                           *Bos.* So.

*Dut.* Whether, within few dayes,  
I meane to follow thee.                   *Bos.* Let me thinke:  
I would wish your Grace, to faigne a Pilgrimage  
To our Lady of *Loretto*, (scarce seven leagues  
From faire *Ancona*) so may you depart  
Your Country, with more honour, and your flight  
Will seeme a Princely progresse, retaining  
Your usuall traine about you.                   *Dut.* Sir, your direction  
Shall lead me by the hand.                   *Car.* In my opinion  
She were better progresse to the bathes  
At *Leuca*, or go visit the *Spar*

In *Germany*, for (if you will beleeve me)  
I do not like this jesting with religion,  
This faigned Pilgrimage.

*Dutcb.* Thou art a superstitious foole,  
Prepare us instantly for our departure:  
Past sorrowes, let us moderately lament them,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

For those to come, seeke wisely to prevent them.

*Exit.*

*Bos.* A Politician is the divels quilted anvell,  
He fashions all sinnes on him, and the b'owes  
Are never heard, he may worke in a Ladies Chamber,  
(As here for proof) what rest's, but I reveale  
All to my Lord : Oh this base quality  
Of Inteligencers ? why, every Quality i'th'world  
Prefers but gaine, or commendation :  
Now for this act, I am certaine to be rais'd,  
And men that paint weeds (to the life) are prais'd.

*Exit.*

SCENA III.

*Cardinall, Ferdinand, Malatesta, Pescara, Silvio, Delio, Bosola.*

*Card.* Must we turne Souldier then ?    *Mal.* The Emperor,  
Hearing your worth that way, (ere you attain'd  
This reverend garment) joynes you in commission  
With the right fortunate souldier, the Marquis of *Pescara*,  
And the famous *Lanoy*.    *Card.* He that had the honor  
Of taking the French King prisoner ?    *Mal.* The same,  
Here's a plot drawne, for a new Fortification.

*At Naples.*    *Ferd.* This great Count *Malatesta*, I perceive  
Hath got employment ?    *Del.* No employment (my Lord)  
A marginall note in the muster-booke, that he is  
A voluntary Lord.    *Ferd.* He's no souldier.

*Del.* He ha's worne gun-powder in's hollow tooth, for the  
*Sil.* He come to the leaguer, with a full intent,    tooth-ache.  
To eat fresh beefe, and garlick e, meanes to stay  
Till the sent be gon, and straight returne to Court.

*Del.* He hath read all the late service,  
As the City Chronicl'e relates it.  
And keepes two Painters going, only to expresse  
Battailes in modell.    *Sil.* Then he'll fight by the booke.

*Del.* By the Almanacke, I think'e  
To choose good dayes, and shun the Criticall ;  
That's his misstris skarfe.    *Sil.* Yes, he protests  
He would do much for that taffeta.

*Del.* I think'e he would run away from a battaile  
To save it from taking prisoner.    *Sil.* He is horribly afraid  
Gun-powder will spoile the perfume on't.

*Del.* I saw a Dutch-man breake his pate once

The Tragedy of

For calling him pot-gun, he made his head  
Have a boare in't like a musket.

Sil. I would he had made a touch-hole to't.  
He is indeed a guarded sumpter cloth,  
Only for the remoove of the Court.

Pef. Bosola arriv'd? what should be the busynesse?  
Some falling out amongst the Cardinals.  
These factions amongst great men, they are like  
Foxes, when their heads are divided  
They carry fire in their tailes, and all the Country  
About them, goes to wracke fort. Sil. What's that Bosola?

Dcl. I knew him in Padua, a fantasticall schollar,  
Like such, who study to know how many knots was in  
Hercules club, of what colour Achilles beard was,  
Or whether Hector were not troubled with the tooth-ache:  
He hath studied himselfe halfe bleare-ey'd, to know the  
True semiry of Caesars nose by a shooing-horne, and this  
He did to gaine the name of a speculative man.

Pef. Marke Prince Ferdinand,  
A very Salamander lives in's eye,  
To mocke the eager violence of fire,

Sil. That Cardinal hath madé more bad faces with his oppression,  
Than ever Michael Angelo made good ones,  
He lifts up's nose, like a foule Porpisſe before a storme.

Pef. The Lord Ferdinand laughes.

Dcl. Like a deadly Canon,  
That lightens ere it smoakes.

Pef. These are your true pangs of death,  
The pangs of life, that struggle with great states-men.

Dcl. In such a deformed silence, witches whisper their charmes.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding hood  
To keep her from the Sun and tempest?

Ferd. That: that damnes her: Methinkes her fault, and  
Beauty blended together, shew like leprosie,  
The whiter, the fouler: I make it a question.  
Whether her beggerly brats were ever christned.

Card. I will instantly solicite the state of Ancona  
To have them banish'd. Ferd. You are for Loretto?  
I shall not be at your Ceremony: fare you well,  
Write to the Duke of Malfy, my yong Nephew,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

She had by first husband, and acquaint him,  
With's mothers honesty.      *Bos.* I will.

*Ferd. Antonio?*

A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,  
And nev'r in's life, look'd like a gentleman,  
But in the audit time; goe, goe presently,  
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,  
And meet me at the fort-bridge.

*Exeunt.*

S C E N A   I I I I .

*Two Pilgrimes to the Shrine of our Lady of Loretto.*

1. *Pilg.* I have not seen a goodlier Shrive then this,  
Yet I have visited many.    2. The Cardinal of Arragon is, this day  
To resigne his Cardinals hat, his sister  
Dutchesse likewise is arriv'd to pay her  
Vow of Pilgrimage, I expect a noble Ceremony.

1. *Pilg.* No question: — They come.

*Here the Ceremony of the Cardinals entralment, in the habit of a  
Souldier, perform'd in delivering up his crosse, hat, robes, and ring, at  
the Shrive; and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs:  
Then Antonio, the Dutchesse, and their children, (having presented  
themselves at the Shrine) are (by a form of banishment in dumb-shew  
expressed towards them by the Cardinall, and the state of Ancona) ba-  
nished: During all which Ceremony, this Ditty is sung (to very solemn  
musick) by divers Church-men, and then*      *Exeunt.*

*Armes, and Honors, deck thy story,  
To thy fames eternall glory,  
Adverse fortune ever flic-thee,  
No disastrous fate come nigh thee.  
I alone will sing thy prayses,  
Whom so honor, vertue raises;  
And thy study, that divine-is,  
Bent to Marshal discipline-is:  
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee,  
Crown thy arts with arms: they'll beautifie thee.  
O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,  
Leade bravely thy forces on, under war warlike banner;  
O, mayst thou prove fortunate in all Marshall courses,  
Guide thou still, by skill, in arts, and forces:*

*Victory attend thee nigh whilst fame sings loud thy powers, (shoires  
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings poure downe*

The Tragedy of

1 Pilg. Heer's a strange turne of state, who would have thought  
So great a Lady, would have match'd her selfe

Unto so meane a person? yet the Cardinall

Beares himselfe too cruell.      2 Pilg. They are banish'd.

1 Pilg. But I would aske what power hath this state  
Of Ancona, to determine of a free Prince?

2 Pilg. They are a free state sir, and her brother shew'd,  
How that the Pope fore-hearing of her loosenesse,  
Hath seaz'd into the protection of the Church  
The Dukedom, which she held as dowager.

1 Pilg. But by what justice?      2 Pilg. Sure I thinke by none,  
Only her brothers instigation,

1 Pilg. What was it with such violence he took  
Off from her finger?      2 Pilg. 'Twas her wedding ring,  
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice  
To his revenge.      1 Pilg. Alas, Antonio,  
If that a man be thrust into a well,  
No matter who sets hand to't, his owne weight  
Will bring him sooner to th' bottome: Come let's hence,  
Fortune makes this conclusion generall,  
"All things to helpe th'unhappy man to fall,"

Exeunt.

SCENA V.

*Antonio, Dutchesse, Children, Cariola, Servants,  
Bosola, Souldiers, with Wizards.*

Dutch. Banish'd Ancona?      Ant. Yes, you see what power  
Lightens in great mens breath.      Dutch. Is all our traine  
Shrunke to this poore remainder?      Ant. These are poore men,  
(Which have got little in your service) vow  
To take your fortune: But your wiser buntings,  
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

Dutch. They have done wisely,  
This puts me in minde of death, Physicians thus,  
With their hands full of money, use to giue ore  
Their Patients.      Ant. Right the fashion of the world,  
From decaid fortunes, every flatterer shrinkes,  
Men cease to build, where the foundation sinkes.

Dutch. I had a very strange dreame to night.

Ant. What is it?

Dutch. Methought I wore my Coronet of State,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

And on a sudden all the Diamonds  
Were chang'd to Pearles      *Ant. My Interpretation*  
Is, you'll weepe shortly, for to me, the Pearles  
Do signifie you tears.      *Dutch. The Birds, that live i'th field*  
On the wilde bensit of Nature, live  
Happier than we; for they may choose their Mates,  
And carroll their sweet pleasures to the Spring.

*Bos. You are happily ore-ta'ne.*      *Dutch. From my brother?*

*Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand,* your brother,  
All love and safety.      *Dutch. Thov dost blanch mischiefe,*  
Wouldst make it white: See, see; like to the calme weather  
At Sea, before a tempest, false hearts speake faire  
To those they intend most mischiefe.      (*ticke equivocation*)

A Letter. *Send Antonio to me I wanthis head in a busines:* (a politie  
He doth not want your counsell, but your head;  
That is, he cannot sleepe till you be dead.  
And here's another Pitfall, that's strew'd ore  
With Roses: marke it, 'tis a cunning one.

*I stand ingaged for your husband, for severall debts at Naples: let not*  
*That trouble him, I had rather have his heart than his money.*  
And I beleeve so too.      *Bos. What doe you beleeve?*

*Dutch. That he so much distrusts my husbands love,*  
He will by no meanes beleieve his heart is with him:  
Untill he see it: The devill is not cunning enough  
To circumvent us in riddles.

*Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league*  
Of famity and love, which I present you?  
*Dutch. Their league is like that of some politicke Kings*  
Only to make themselves of strength and power  
To be our after-ruine: tell them so.      *Bos. And what from you?*

*Ant. Thustell him: I will not come.*      *Bos. And what of this*

*Ant. My brothers have dispers'd*  
Blood-hounds abroad; which till I heare are muzzell'd;  
Notruce, though hatchid with nere such politicke skill  
Issafe, that hangs upon our enemies will.  
I'le not come at them.      *Bos. This proclaines your breeding,*  
Every small thing, drawes a base minde to feare:  
As the Adamant drawes yron: fare you well sir,  
You shall shortly heare from's.

*Dutch. I suspect some Ambush:*

*Exit.*

*The Tragedy of*

Therefore by all my love; I doe conjure you  
To take your eldest sonne, and fly towards *Millaine*;  
Let us not venture all this poor remainder in one unlucky bottom.

*Ant.* You counsell safely:

Best of my life, farewell: Since we must part,  
Heaven hath a hand in't: but no otherwise,  
Then as some curious Artist, takes in sunder  
A clock, or watch, when it is out of frame to bring't in better order

*Dut.* I know not which is best,  
To see you dead, or part with you: Farewel boy,  
Thou art hapy, that thou hast not understanding  
To know thy misery: For all our wit and  
Reading, brings us to a truer fense of sorrow:  
In the eternall Church, Sir, I doe hope we shall not part thus.

*Ant.* Oh, be of comfort,  
Make patience a noble fortitude:

And think not how unkindly we are us'd:  
Man (like to *Cassia*) is prov'd best, being bruise'd

*Dut.* Must I like to a slave-born Russian,  
Account it praise to suffer tyranny? and yet  
(O Heaven) thy heavy hand is in't. I have seene  
My little boy, oft scourge his top, and compar'd  
My selfe to't: naught made me ere go right,

But Heavens scourge-stick. *Ant.* Do not weep:  
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing: and we strive  
To bring our selves to nothing farewel *Cariola*,  
And thy sweet armful: if I do never see thee more  
Be a good mother to your little ones,  
And save them from the Tiger: fare you well.

*Dut.* Let me looke upon you once more: for that speech  
Came from a dying father: your kisse is colder  
Then that I have seen an holy Anchorite  
Give to a dead mans skull.

*Ant.* My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,  
With which I found my danger: fare you well. *Exit.*

*Dut.* My Laurel is all withered.

*Car.* Looke (Madam) what a troop of armed men  
Make toward us *Enter Bosola with a guard.*

*Dut.* O, They are very welcome:  
When Fortunes wheel, is over-charge'd with Princes,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

The waight makes it move swift. I would have my ruine  
Be sudden: I am your adventure, am I not?

*Bos.* You are, you must see your husband no more,

*Dutch.* What devil art thou, that counterfeits heavens thunder?

*Bos.* Is that terrible? I would have you tell me

Whether is that note worse, that frights the silly birds  
Out of the corne, or that which doth allure them.  
To the nets? you have hearkned to the last too much.

*Dutch.* O misery: like to a rusty ore-charg'd Canon,  
Shall I never fly in pieces? come: to what prison?

*Bos.* To none: *Dutch.* Whether then?

*Bos.* To your Palace.

*Dutch.* I have heard that Charons boat, serves to convoy  
All ore the dismal Lake, but brings none backe againe.

*Bos.* Your brothers meane you, safety and pity.

*Dutch.* Pity! with such a pity men preserve alive  
Pheasants, and Quailes, when they are not fat enough to be eaten.

*Bos.* These are your children? *Dutch.* Yes.

*Bos.* Can they prattle?

*Dutch.* No:

But I intend, since they were borne accurs'd;

Curses shall be their first language. *Bos.* Fye (Madam)

Forget this base low-fellow. *Dutch.* Were I a man: I'll'd  
Beat that counterfeit face, into thy other. *Bos.* One of no birth.

*Dutch.* Say that he was borne meane.

Man is most happy, when's owne actions

Be arguments, and examples of his Vertue.

*Bos.* A barren, beggerly vertue.

*Dutch.* I pre-thee who is greatest, can you tell?

Sad tales befit my woe: I'le tell you one.

A Salmon, as she swam unto the Sea,

Met with a Dog-fish, who encounters her,

With this rough language: why art thou so bold?

To mixe thy selfe with our high state of floods

Being no eminent Courtier, but one

That for the calmest, and fresh time o'th' yeere

Do'st live in shallow Rivers, rank'st thy selfe

With silly Smylts, and Shrympes? and darest thou

Passe by our Dog-ship, without reverence?

O (Quoth the Salmon) sister, be at peace:

# The Tragedy of

*Thankc Jupiter, we both have pass'd the Ner,  
Our value never can be truly knowne,  
Till in the Fishers basket we be showne.*

I' th' Market then my price may be the higher,  
Even when I am neerest to the Cooke, and fire.  
So, to Great men, the Morrall may be stretched.

Men oft are valued high, when th'are most wretch'd.  
But come: whither you please: I am arm'd 'gainst misery:  
Bent to all swayes of the Oppressors will.

*There's no deepe Valley, but neare some great Hill.*      Exit.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Ferdinand, Bosola, Dutchesse, Cariola, Servants.

Ferd. How doth our sister Dutchesse bear her selfe  
In her imprisonment ?

*Euf. Nobly: I'll describe her:  
She's sad, as one us'd to't: and she seemes  
Rather to welcome the end of misery  
Then shun it: a behaviour so noble,  
As gives a majesty to adversity:  
You may discern the shape of loveliness*

You may discerne the shapē of loveliness  
More perfect, in her teares, then in her smiles;  
She will muse foure hōures together : and her silēnce,  
(Me thinkes) expresseth more, then if she spake.

Ferd. Her melancholy seems to be fortifide with a strange disdain.

*Bos.* 'Tis so : and this restraint

(Like English Mastiffes, that grow feirce with tying)

Makes her too passionately apprehend those pleasures she's kept

Ferd. Curse upon her: (from.

I will no longer study in the booke  
Of such a knave as he.

Of anothers heart : informe her what I told you.

100

Bos. All comfort to your grace; Dutcb. I will have none:

Pray thee, why doft thou wrap thy poysoned pilſ

## In Gold, and Sugar!

Bos. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,  
has come to see you; and find you in bed.

Is come to visite you : and tends you word,  
Gives you the best he can, and a full answer.

'Cause once he rathly made a solemn vow  
Never to leave me, he come, "I bring him

Never to see you more; he comes i' th' night:  
And you're gone (gracely) neither couch nor taper.

And prayes you (gently) neither torch nor taper  
Shine in your chamber; he will kiss your hand a

**Shine in your chamber : he will kill your hand :**

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

And reconcile himselfe : but, for his vowe,  
He dares not see you.      *Dutc.* At his pleasure:  
Take hence the lights : he's come.

*Ferd.* Where are you ?      *Dutc.* Here sir.

*Ferd.* This darknesse suits you well.

*Dutc.* I would aske you pardon.      *Ferd.* You have it ;  
For I account it, the honorabl'st revenge

Where I may kill, to pardon : where are your Cubbs ?

*Dutc.* Whom ?      *Ferd.* Call them your children,

For though our nationall law, distinguishe bastards

From true legitimate issue : compassionate nature

Makes them all equall.      *Dutc..* Do you visit me for this ?

You violate a Sacrament o'th'Church.

Shall make you howle in hell for't.      *Ferd.* It had bin well,

Could you have liv'd thus alwayes : for indeed

You were too much i'th' light : But no more,

I come to seale my peace with you : here's a hand,      gives her a

To which you have vow'd much love : the Ring upon't dead mens

You gave.      *Dutc.* I affectionately kisse it.      band.

*Ferd.* Pray do : and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this Ring with you, for a love-token :

And the hand, as sure as the ring : and do not doubt

But you shall have the heart too : when you need a friend,

Send it to him that ow d it : you shall see

Whether he can aid you.      *Dutc.* You are very cold,

I feare you are not well after your travell :

Hah ? lights : Oh horrible !      *Ferd.* Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*

*Dutc.* What witch-craft doth he practise, that he hath left  
A dead-mans hand here ? ————— *Here is discover'd, (being a Trans-*  
*vers;) the artificiall figures of Antonio, and his cbldren, appearing*  
*as if they were dead.*

*Eof.* Looke you : here's the piece, from which 'twas ta'ne ;  
He doth present you this sad spectacle,  
That now you know directly they are dead,  
Hereafter you may (wisely) cease to grieve  
For that which cannot be recovered.

*Dutc.* There is not between heaven and the earth, one wish  
I stay for after this : it wastes me more,  
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,  
Stuke with a magicall needle, and then buried

*The Tragedy of*

In some foule dung-hill : and yond's an excellent property  
For a tyrant which I would account mercy. *Bos.* What's that ?

*Dutc.* If they would bind me to that livelesse trunke?  
And let me freeze to death. *Bos.* Come you must live.

*Dutc.* That's the greatest torture soules feele in hell,  
In hell : that they must live, and cannot dye:  
*Portia,* I'll new kindle thy coales againe,  
And revive the rare, and almost dead example  
Of a loving wife. *Bos.* O fye: despaire ? remember  
You are a Christian. *Dut.* The Church enjoynes fasting :  
I'll starve my selfe to death.

*Bos.* Leave this vaine sorrow ;  
Things being at the worst, begin to mend :  
The Bee when he hath shot his sting into your hand  
May then play with your eye-lid.

*Dutcb.* Good comfortable fellow .  
Perswade a wretch that's broke upon the wheele :  
To have all his bones new set : entreat him live,  
To be executed again : who must dispatch me ?  
*I* account this world a tedious Theater,  
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will.

*Bos.* Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.

*Dut.* Indeed I have not leisure to tend so sinal a busynesse.

*Bos.* Now, by my life, I pitty you. (sinesse.)

*Dutc.* Thou art a foole then,  
To wast thy pitty on a thing so wretched  
As cannot pity it : I am full of daggers :  
Puffe: let me blow these vipers from me :  
What are you ?

*Ser.* One that wishes you long life.

*Dutc.* I would thou werst hang'd for the horrible  
Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one (curse  
Of the miracles of pitty : I'll go pray : No,  
I'll go curse : *Bos.* Oh fye :

*Dut.* I could curse the Stars. *Bos.* Oh fearefull.

*Dutc.* And those three smyling seasons of the yeare  
Into a Russian winter : nay the world

To its first Chaos. *Bos.* Looke you, the Stars shine stil.

*Dutc.* Oh, but you must remember, my curse haath a great way to  
Plagues (that make lanes through largest families) (go  
Consume them. *Bos.* Eve Lady.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Dut.* Let them like tyrants  
Never be remembred, but for the ill they have done:

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified

Church-men forget them.      *Bos.* O uncharitable.

*Dut.* Let heaven, a little while cease crowning Martirs  
To punish them : Go, howle them this : and say I long to bleed  
" It is some mercy, when men kill with speed.      *Exit.*

*Ferd.* Excellent ; as I would wish : she's plagu'd in Art.  
These presentations are but fram'd in wax.  
By the curious Master in that Quality,  
*Vincentio Lauriola*, and she takes them  
For true substanciall bodies.

*Bos.* Why do you do this ?

*Ferd.* To bringher to despaire. *Bos.* Faith, end here,  
And go farther in your cruelty,  
Send her a penitentiall garment, to put on,  
Nextto her delicate skin, and furnish her  
With beads, and prayer books.

*Ferd.* Damne her, that body of hers,  
While that my blood ran pure in't was more worth  
Than that which thou wouldest comfort, (call'd a soule)  
I wil send her masques of common Curtizans,  
Have her meat serv'd up by baudes, and ruffians,  
And ('cause she'll needs be mad) I am resolv'd  
To remove forth the common Hospitall,  
All the mad-folke, and place them neere her lodging:  
There let them practise together, sing and dance,  
And act their gambols to the full o'th' moone :  
If she can sleepe the better for it, let her,  
Your work is almost ended. *Bos.* Must I see her again?

*Ferd.* Yes. *Bos.* Never. *Ferd.* You must.

*Bos.* Never in mine own shape,  
That's forfeited, by my intelligence,  
And this last cruell lie : when you send me next,  
The busynesse shall be comfort. *Fer.* Very likely,  
Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee : *Antonio*,  
Lurkes about *Millaime*, thou shalt shortly thither,  
To feed a fire, as great as my revenge,  
Which nev'r will slack, till it have spent his fuell,  
" Intemperate argues, make Physitians cruell. *Exeunt.*

*The Tragedy of*

SCENA II.

*Duchesse, Cariola, Servant, Mad-men, Bosolas,  
Executioners, Ferdinand.*

*Dutch.* What hideous noise was that?

*Cari.* 'Tis the wild consort  
Of Mad-men (Lady) which your Tyrant brother  
Hath plac'd about your lodging : This tyranny,  
I thinke was never practis'd till this houre.

*Dutch.* Indeed I thanke him : nothing but noysse and folly  
Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason  
And silence, make me starke mad : Sit downe,  
Discourse to me some dismal Tragedy.

*Cari.* O 'twill increase your melancholly.

*Dutch.* Thou art deceiv'd,  
To heare of greater griefe, would lessen mine,  
This is a prison ?      *Cari.* Yes, but you shall live  
To shake this durance off.      *Dutch.* Thou art a foole,  
The Robin red-breast and the Nightingale,  
Never live long in cages.      *Cari.* Pray dry your eyes.  
What thinke you of Madame?      *Dutch.* Of nothing ;  
When I muse thus, I sleepe,

*Cari.* Like a mad-man, with your eyes open ?  
*Dutch.* Dost thou thinke we shall know one another,  
In th'other world ?      *Cari.* Yes, out of question.

*Dutch.* O that it were possible we might  
But hold some two dayes conference with the deads.  
From them, I should learne somewhat, I am sure  
I never shall know here : I'le tell thee a miracle,  
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.  
Th'heaven o're my head, seemes made of molten brassie,  
The earth of flaming sulphure ; yet I am not mad :  
I am acquainted with sad misery,  
As the tan'd galley-slave, is with his Oare,  
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,  
And custome makes is easie, who doe I looke like now ?

*Cari.* Like to your picture in the Gallery,  
A deale of life in shew, but none in practise :  
Or rather like some reverend monument  
Whose ruines are even pittied.      *Dutch.* Very proper ;

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

And fortune seemes only to have her eye-sight,  
To behold my Tragedy: How now,  
What noise is that? *Servant.* I am come to tell you.  
Your brother hath intended you some sport:  
A great Phyſitian, when the Pope was ſicke  
Of a deepe melancholly, preſented him  
With fev'rall ſorts of mad-men, which wilde object  
(Being full of change and ſport) forc'd him to laugh,  
And ſo th'impost-hume broke: the ſelfeame cure,  
The Duke intends on you. *Dutch.* Let me come in.

*Serv.* There's a mad Lawyer, and a ſeculat Priest,  
A Doctoṛ that hath forfeited his wits  
By Jealousie: an Astrologian,  
That in his workeſ, ſaid ſuch a day o'th'moneth,  
Should be the day of doome; and failing of 't,  
Ran mad: an English Taylor, craif'd i'th'braine,  
With the ſtudy of new fashions: a gentleman Uſher,  
Quite beſide himſelfe, with care to keepe in minde,  
The number of his Ladies ſalutatiſ;  
Or how do you, ſhe employ'd him in each morning:  
A Farmer too (an excellent knave in graine).  
Mad, 'cause he was hindred traſportation;  
And let one Broaker (that's mad) loofe to theſe,  
You'd think the diuell were among them.

*Dutch.* Sit Cariola: let them loofe when you please,  
For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

Here (by a Mad-man) this ſong is ſung, to a diſmal  
kinde of Muſicke.

O let us howle ſome heavy note,  
ſome deadly dogged howle,  
Sounding, as from the threatning throat,  
of beaſts, and fatall fowle.  
As Raueſ, Schriebe-owles, Buſſes, and Beares,  
we'll bell, and bawle our parts,  
Tillyerk ſome noife, have cloy'd your eares,  
and corafe'd your hearts.

At laſt when as our quire wants breath,  
our bodies being bleſſt,  
We'll ſing like Swans to welcome death,  
and die in love and reſt.

The Tragedy of

1 Mad-man. Doomes-day not come yet? I'le draw it nearer by a perspective, or make a glasse that shall set all the world on fire upon an instant: I cannot sleepe, my pillow is stuff't with a litter of Porcupines.

2 Mad. Hell is a meere glasse-house, where the devils are continually blowing up mens soules, on hollow yrons, and the fire never goes out.

3 Mad. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night: I will tithe them over, like hay-cocks.

4 Mad. Shall my Pothecary out goe me, because I am a Cockold? I have found out his rougery: he makes allom Of his wives urin, and sells it to Puritanes, that have sore Throates with over-strayning.

1 Mad. I have skill in Harroldry.

2. Haft?

1. You doe give for your creast, a wood-cockes head, with the Braines pickt out on't, you are a very ancient Gentleman.

3. Greeke is turn'd Turke, we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetic translation.

1. Come on sit, I will lay the law to you

2. Oh, rather lay a corazine, the law will eat to the bone.

3. He that drinkest but to satisfie nature, is damn'd

4. If I had my glasse here, I would shew a sight should make All the women here, call me mad Doctor.

1. What's he, a rope-maker?

2. No,no,no, a snuffing knave, that while he shewes the Tombes, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

3. Woe, to the Caroach, that brought home my wife from The Masque, at three a clocke in the morning, it had a linge Feather-bed in it.

4. I have pared the devills nayles forty times, roasted them In Ravens egges, and cur'd agues with them.

3. Get me three hundred milch bats, to make possets, To procure sleepe.

4. All the Colledge may throw their caps at me, I have made a Soape-boyler costive, it was my master-piece;

*Dance consisting of 8 Mad-men, with musick answerable thereunto, after which, Bosola (like an old man) enters.*

Dutch. Is he mad too?

Serv. Pray question him: I'le leave you.

Bos. I am come to make thy tombe. Dutch. Hah, my tombe? Thou speake'st, as if I lay upon my death bed,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Gasping for breath : dost thou perceive me sicke ?

*Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sicknes is insensible.

*Dutch.* Thou art not mad sure, dost know me ?

*Bos.* Yes. *Dutch.* Who am I ?

*Bos.* Thou art a box of worme-seed, at best, but a saluatorie  
Of greene mummey : what's this flesh ? a little curded milke,  
Phantasticall pufte-paste : our bodies are weaker than those  
Paper prisons, boyes use to keepe flies in ; more contemptible :  
Since ours is to preserve earth-wormes : didst thou never see  
A Larke in a cage ? such is the soule in the body : this world  
Is like her little turfe of grasse, and the heaven ore our heads,  
Like her looking-glasse, only gives us a miserable knowledge  
Of the small compasse of our prison.

*Dutch.* Am not I , thy Dutchesse ?

*Bos.* Thou art some great woman sure, for riot begins to sit on thy  
Fore-head (clad in gray haires) twenty yeeres sooner, than on a  
Merry milke-maides. Thou sleep'st worse, than if a mouse  
Should be forc'd to take up his lodging in a cats eare :  
A little infant, that breedes it's teeth, should it lie with thee, would  
Cry out, as if thou wert the more unquier bed-fellow.

*Dutch.* I am Dutchesse of *Malfy* still.

*Bos.* That makes thy sleepes so broken :

"Glories (like glow-wormes) a farre off, shine bright,  
But look'd too neere, have neither heat nor light.

*Dutch.* Thou art very plaine.

*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.  
I am a tombe-maker.

*Dutch.* And thou com'st to make my tombe ?

*Bos.* Yes. *Dutch.* Let me be a little merry,  
Of what stoffe wilt thou make it ?

*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion ?

*Dutch.* Why, doe we grow phantasticall in our death-bed ?  
Do we affect fashion in the grave ?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously : Princes images on their tombes,  
Do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray,  
Up to heaven : but with their hands under their cheekes,  
(As if they died of the tooth-ache) they are not caraved  
With their eyes fix'd upon the starres ; but as their  
Mindes were wholly bent upon the world,  
The selfe same way ; they seeme to turne their faces.

The Tragedy of

Dut<sup>c</sup>. Let me know fully therefore the effect  
Of this thy dismal preparation,  
This talke fit for a chameLL?

Bos. Now, I shall,  
Here is a present from your Princely brothers, A Coffin,  
And may it arrive wel-come, for it brings Cords, and  
Last benefit, last sorrow. a Bell.

Dut<sup>c</sup>. Let me see it,  
I have so much obedience, in my bloud,  
I wish it in their veilles, to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence Chamber.

Cari. O my sweet Lady. Dut<sup>c</sup>. Peace, it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common Bell-man,  
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons  
The night before they suffer. Dut<sup>c</sup>. Even now thou said'st,  
Thou wast a tombe-maker? Bos. 'Twas to bring you  
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still,  
The Schritch-Omle, and the whistler shrill,  
Call upon our Dame, aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shrowd:  
Much ym bled of land and rent,  
Your length in clay's now competent.  
Along war disturb'd your mind,  
Here your perfect peace is sign'd,  
Of what is't, fooles make such vaine keeping?  
Lin their conception, their birth, weeping:  
Their life a generall mist of error,  
Their death, a hideous storme of error,  
Strew your haire, with powders sweet:  
D'on cleane linnen, bathe your feete,  
And (the foule fiend more to checke)  
Aeru ifixe let blesse your necke,  
'T is now full tide, twcene night and day,  
End your groine, and come away.

Cari. Hence villaines, tyrants, murderers: alas!

What will you do with my Lady? call for helpe.

Dut<sup>c</sup>. to whom, to our next neighbours? they are mad-folkes.

Bos. Remove that noyse. Dut<sup>c</sup>. Farewell Cariola.  
In my last will, I have not much to give

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

A many hungry guests, have fed upon me,  
Thine will be a poor reversion. *Car.* I will die with her.

*Dutch.* I pray-thee look thou giv'st my little boy  
Some firrop for his cold, and let the girle  
Say her prayers, ere she sleep. Now what you please,  
What death? *Bos.* Strangling, here are your executioners.

*Dutch.* I forgive them :  
The appoplexie, catarr, or cough o'th'lungs,  
Would do as much as they do.

*Bos.* Doth not death fright you ?

*Dutch.* Who would be afraid on't ?  
Knowing to meet such excellent company  
In th'other world. *Bos.* Yet, methinkes,  
The maner of your death should much afflict you  
This cord shou'd terrifie you ? *Dutch.* Not a whit,  
What would it pleasure me, to have my throat cut  
With diamonds ? or to be smothered  
With Cassia ? or to be shot to death, with pearles ?  
I know death hath ten thousand severall dootes  
For men to take their *Exits* : and 'tis found  
They goe on such strange geometricall hinges,  
You may open them both wayes : any way, (for heaven sake)  
So I were out of your whispering : Tell my brothers,  
That I perceive death, (now I am well awake)  
Best gift is, they can give, or I can take,  
I would faine put off my last womans fault,  
I'd not be tedious to you. *Exec.* We are ready.

*Dutch.* Dispose my breath, how please you, but my body  
Bewow upon my women, will you ? *Exec.* Yes.

*Dutch.* Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength,  
Must pull downe heaven upon me :  
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd  
As Princely palaces, they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees : Come violent death,  
Serve for *Mandragora*, to make me sleepe;  
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,  
They then may feed in quiet.

*They strangle her.*

*Bos.* Where's the waiting woman ?  
Fetch her : Some other strangle the children :  
Looke you, there sleeps your mistris.

The Tragedy of

Car. Oh thou art damn'd.

Perpetually for this : My turne is next,

Is't not so ordered ? Bos. Yes, I am glad

You are so well prepar'd for't. Car. You are deceiv'd sir,

I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die,

I will come to my answere ; and know

How I have offended. Bos. Come dispatch her :

You kept her counsell, now you shall keepe ours.

Car. I will not die, I must not, I am contracted  
To a yong Gentleman.

Exec. Here's your wedding Ring.

Car. Let me but speake with the Duke : I'le discover  
Treason to his person. Bos. Delayes : throttle her.

Exec. She bites, and scratches. Car. If you kill me now  
I am damn'd : I have not bin at confession  
This two yeeres. Bos. When?

Car. I am quicke with childe. Bos. Why then,  
Your credit's sav'd : bear her into th'next roome :  
Let this lie still. Ferd. Is she dead ? Bos. She is what  
You'l'd have her : But here begin your pity, shewes the  
Alas, how have these offendred ? children strangled.

Ferd. The death  
Of young Wolfes, is never to be pittied.

Bos. Fix your eye here. Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep ?  
Other sins, only speake ; Murther shreikes out :  
The element of water, moistens the Earth,  
But bloud flies upwards, and bedewes the Heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face : mine eyes dazell : she di'd young.

Bos. I think not so : her infelicity  
Seem'd to have yeares too many.

Ferd. She, and I were Twinnes :  
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd  
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seemes she was borne first :  
You have bloudily approv'd the ancient trush,  
That kindted commonly do worse agree  
Than remore strangers. Fer. Let me see her face again ;  
Why didst not thou pitty her : what an excellent  
Honest man, might'st thou have been.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary?  
Or (bold in a good cause) oppoſ'd thy ſelfe  
With thy advanced ſword above thy head,  
Between her innocence, and my revenge?  
I bad thee, when I was diſtracted of my wits,  
Go kill my deareſt friend, and thou haſt don't.  
For let me but examine well the cauſe;  
What was the meanness of her match to me?  
Only I muſt confeſſe, I haſt a hope  
(Had ſhe continu'd widow) to haue gain'd  
An infinite masse of Treaſure by her death:  
And what was the main cauſe; her Mariage,  
That drew a ſtreame of gall quite through my  
Heart; for thee, (as we obſerve in Tragedies)  
That a good Actor many times is curſ'd  
For playing a villains part) I hate thee for't: and  
(For my ſake) ſay thou haſt done much ill, well:

*Bof.* Let me quicken your memory: for I  
Perceive you are falling into ingratitude: I  
Challenge the reward due to my ſervice.

*Ferd.* I'le tell thee,  
What I'le give thee.      *Bof.* Doe:

*Ferd.* I'le give thee a pardon for this murther:

*Bof.* Hah?    *Ferd.* Yes: and 'tis  
The largest bounty I can ſtudy to do thee.  
By what authority didſt thou execute  
This bloody ſervice?    *Bof.* By yours,

*Ferd.* Mine? was I her Judge?  
Did any ceremoniall form of law,  
Doomb her to not-Being? did a compleat Iury  
Deliver her conviction up i'ch Court?  
Where ſhalt thou find this Judgment registred,  
Vnleſſe in hell? See: like a bloody foole  
Th'haſt forfeited thy life, and thou ſhalt dy for't.

*Bof.* The office of juſtice is perverted quite  
When one theefe hangs another: who ſhall dare  
To reveale this:    *Ferd.* Oh, I'le tell thee:  
The wolfe ſhall finde her grave, and ſcrape it up  
Not to devoure the corps, but to diſcover  
The horrid murther.

The Tragedy of

Bos. You; not I shall quake for't. Ferd. Leave me;

Bos. I will first receive my Pension.

Ferd. You are a villaine : Bos. When your ingratitude  
Is Judge, I am so; Ferd. O horror!

That not the feare of him, which bindes the devils  
Can prescribe man obedience.

Never looke upon me more. Bos. Why fare thee well :  
Your brother, and your self, are worthy men ;  
You have a paire of hearts, are hollow Graves,  
Rotten, and rotting others : and your vengeance,  
(Like two chain'd-bullets) still goes arme in arme.  
You may be Brothers : for treason, like the plague,  
Doth take much in a blond : I stand like one  
That long hath ta'ne a sweet, and golden dreame.  
I am angry with my selfe, now that I wake.

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o'th' world,  
That I may never see thee. Bos. Let me know  
Wherefore I should be thus neglected ? sir,  
I serv'd your tyranny : and rather strove,  
To satisfie your selfe, then all the world ;  
And though I loath'd the evill, yet I lov'd  
You that did councell it : and rather sought  
To appeare a true servant, then an honest man.

Ferd. I'le goe hunt the Badger by Owle-light :  
'Tis a deed of darknesse.

Exit.

Bos. He's much distracted : Off my painted honour,  
While with vaine hopes, our faculties we tyre,  
We seeme to sweat in yce, and freeze in fire ;  
What would I do, were this to do againe ?  
I would not change my peace of conscience  
For all the wealth of Europe : She stirs; here's life :  
Returne (faire soule) from darknesse, and leade mine  
Out of this fencible hell : She's warme, she breathes :  
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart  
To store them with fresh colour : who's there ?  
Some cordiall drinke , Alas ! I dare not call :  
So pity, would destroy pity : her Eye opes,  
And heaven in it, seemst to ope, (that late was shut,..  
To take me up to mercy. Dutch. Antonio.

Bos. Yes (Madam) he is living,

The

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

The dead bodies you saw, were but faign'd statues ;  
He's reconcil'd to your brothers : the Pope hath wrought  
The attonement.      *Dut. Mercy.*      *she dies.*

*Bos.* Oh, she's gone againe where the cords of life broke :  
Oh sacred Innocence, that sweetly sleeps  
On Turtles feathers : whilst a guilty conscience  
Is a blacke Register, wherein is writ  
All our good deeds, and bad : a Perspective  
That shewes us hell ; that we cannot be suffer'd  
To doe good when we have a minde to it ?  
This is mainly sorrow :

These teares, I am very certaine, never grew  
In my mothers milke. My estate is sunke  
Below the degree of feare : where were  
These penitent fountaines, while she was living ?  
Oh, they were frozen up : here is a sight  
As direfull to my soule, as is the sword  
Unto a wretch hath slaine his father : Come I'le beare thee hence,  
And execute thy will ; that's deliver  
Thy body to the reverend dispose  
Of some good women : that the cruell tyrant  
Shall not deny me : Then I'le post to *Millaine*,  
Where somewhat I will speedily enact.  
Worth my dejection.

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Antonio, Delio, Pescara, Julia.*

*Ant.* What thinke you of my hope of reconcilement  
To the *Arragonian* brethren ?    *Del.* I misdoubt it ;  
For though they have sent their letters of safe conduct  
For your repaire to *Millaine*, they appear  
But Nets, to entrap you : The Marquis of *Pescara*,  
Under whom you hold certaine land in Cheit,  
Much againt his noble nature, hath bin mov'd  
To seize those lands, and some of his dependants  
Are at this instant, making it their suit  
To be invested in your revenues.  
I cannot thinke, they meane well to your life,  
That doe deprive you of your meanes of life,

*The Tragedy of*

Your living. *Ant.* You are still an heretique."

To any safety, I can shape my selfe.

*Del.* Here comes the Marquis: I will make my selfe  
Petitioner for some part of your land,

To know whither it is flying. *Ant.* I pray do.

*Del.* Sir, I have a suit to you. *Pesc.* To me.

*Del.* An easie one:

There is the Cittadell of St. Bennet,  
With some demeasnes, of late in the possession  
Of *Antonio Bologna*, please you bestow them on me?

*Pesc.* You are my friend: But this is such a suit,  
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take. *Del.* No sir?

*Pesc.* I will give you ample reason for't,  
Soon in private: Her's the Cardinalls Mistris.

*Jul.* My Lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,  
And should be an ill begger, had I not  
A Great mans letter, here (the Cardinals)  
To Court you in my favour.

*Pesc.* He entreats for you  
The Cittadell of St. Bennet, that belong'd  
To the banish'd *Bologna*. *Jul.* Yes:

*Pesc.* I could not have thought of a friend, I could  
Rather pleasure with it: 'tis yours: *Jul.* Sir, I thank you:  
And he shall know how doubly I am engag'd  
Both in your gift, and speedinesse of giving,  
Which makes your grant, the greater. *Exit.*

*Ant.* How they fortifie  
Themselves with my ruine? *Del.* Sir: I am  
Little bound to you: *Pesc.* Why.

*Del.* Because you denide this suit, to me, and gav't  
To such a creature. *Pesc.* Do you know what it was?  
It was *Antonio's* land: not forfeited  
By course of law; but ravish'd from his throat  
By the Cardinals entreaty: it were not fit  
I should bestow so maine a peece of wrong  
Vpon my friend: 'tis a gratification  
Only due to a strumper: for it is injustice;  
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of Innocents  
To make those followers, I call my friends  
Looke ruddier upon me? I am glad

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

This land, (ta'ne from the owner by such wrong)  
Returns againe unto so foule an use,  
As Salary for his lust. Learne, (good *Delio*)  
To aske noble things of me, and you shall find  
I'le be a nob'e giver. *Del.* You instruct me well :

*Ant.* Why, here's a man now, would fright  
Impudence from lawciefest Beggers.

*Pesc.* Prince Ferdinand's come to Millaine  
Sick (as they give out) of an Appoplexie :  
But some say, 'tis a frenzy; I am going to visit him. *Ex.*

*Ant.* Tis a noble old fellow :

*Del.* What course do you mean to take, *Antonio* ?

*Ant.* This night, I mean to venture all my fortune  
(Which is no more, then a poor lingring life)  
To the Cardinals worst of malice: I have got  
Private accessse to his chamber : and intend  
To visit him, about the mid of night.  
(As once his brother did our noble Dutchesse.)  
It may be that the sudden apprehension  
Of danger (for I'le goe in mine own shape)  
When he shall see it fraught with love and duty,  
May draw the poysen out of him, and work  
A friendly reconcilement ; if it faile;  
Yet, it shall rid me of this infamous calling,  
For better fall once, then be ever falling.

*Del.* I'll second you in all danger: and (how ere)  
My life keeps ranke with yours.

*Ant.* You are still my lov'd, and best friend.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA II.

*Pescara, a Doctor, Ferdinand, Cardinall, Malatesto, Bosola, Julia.*

*Pesc.* Now Doctor; may I visit your patient ?

*Doctor.* If't please your Lordship: but he's instantly  
To take the ayre here in the Gallery, by my direction.

*Pesc.* Pray-thee, what's his disease ?

*Doc.* A very pestilent disease (my Lord)  
They call *Licanthropia*. *Pesc.* What's that ?  
I need a Dictionary to't. *Doc.* I'le tell you :  
In these that are possess'd with't, there ore-flows  
Such melancholly humour, they imagine

The Tragedy of

Themselves to be transformed into Woolves,  
Steale forth to Church-yards in the dead of night,  
And dig dead bodies up : as two nights since  
One met the Duke, 'bout mid-night in a lane  
Behind St. Markes Church, with the leg of a man  
Upon his shoulder ; and he howl'd fearefully :  
Said he was a Woolffe : only the difference  
Was, a Woolves skinne is hairy on the out-side,  
His on the in-side : bad them take their swords,  
Rip up his flesh, and try : straight I was sent for,  
And having minister'd unto him, found his Grace  
Very well recovered. *Pesc.* I am glad on't.

*Dort.* Yet not without some feare  
Of a relaps : if he grow to his fit againe,  
Than ever *Peracles* dream'd of : If  
They'll give me leave I'll buffet his madnes out of him.  
Stand aside, he comes. *Ferd.* Leave me.

*Mal.* Why doth your Lordship use this solitarines ?

*Ferd.* Eagles commonly flye alone : They are Crowes, Dawes, and  
Sterlings that flocke together : Looke, what's that,  
Followes me ? *Mal.* Nothing (my Lord)

*Ferd.* Yes. *Mal.* 'Tis your shadow.

*Ferd.* Stay it, let it not haunnt me.

*Mal.* Impossible ; if you move, and the Sunshine.

*Ferd.* I will throttle it.

*Mal.* Oh, my Lord : you are angry with nothing.

*Ferd.* You are a foole :

How is't possible I should catch my shadow,  
Unlesse I fall upon't ? When I go to hell,  
I meane to carry a bribe : for looke you  
Good gifts evermore make way, for the worst persons.

*Pesc.* Rife good my Lord,

*Ferd.* I am studying the Art of patience.

*Pesc.* 'Tis a Noble Virtue.

*Ferd.* To drive sixe Snailes before me, from this towne  
To *Mosco* ; neither use Goad, nor whip to them,  
But let them take their owne time : (the patient'st man i' th' world  
Match me for an experiment) and I'le crawle after  
Like a sheepe-biter. *Card.* Force him up.

*Ferd.* Use me well, you were best :

What

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

What I have done, I heve done : I'le confess nothing.

*Doctor.* Now let me come to him : Are you mad  
(My Lord ?) are you out of your Princely wits ?

*Ferd.* What'she?      *Pesc.* Your Doctor.

*Ferd.* Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eye-  
Browes fill'd more civil.

*Doct.* I must do mad trickes with him,  
For that's the only way on't. I have brought  
Your grace a Salamanders skin, to keep you  
From sun-burning.      *Ferd.* I have cruell sore eyes.

*Doct.* The white of a Cockatrices egge, is present remedy.

*Ferd.* Let it be a new laid one, you were best :  
Hide me from him : Physitians are like Kings,  
They brooke no contradiction.

*Doct.* Now he begins to feare me,  
Now let me alone with him.

*Card.* How now, put off your gowne ?

*Doct.* Let me have some forty urinalls fill'd with Rose-water ?  
He, and I'le go pelt one another with them,  
Now he begins to feare me : Can you fetch a friske sir ?  
Let him go, let him go upon my perill :  
I find by his eye, he stands in awe of me,  
I'le make him, as tame as a Dormouse.

*Ferd.* Can you fetch your frisks, sir ? I will stampe him into a  
Flea off his skin, to cover one of the Anatomies,      (Cullice:  
This rogue hath set i th' cold yonder, in Barber Chyrurgeons hall :  
Hence, hence, you are all of you, like beasts for sacrifice.  
There's nothing left of you, but tongue and belly,  
Flattery and leachery.

*Pesc.* Doctor, he did not feare you throughly.

*Doct.* True, I was somewhat too forward.

*Bus.* Mercy upon me, what a fatall judgement  
Hath falne upon this Ferdinand ?      *Pesc.* Knowes your grasse  
What accident hath brought unto the Prince,  
This strange distraction ?

*Card.* I must faigne somewhat : Thus they say it grew,  
You have heard it rumor'd for these many yeeres,  
None of our family dies, but there is seene  
The shape of an old woman, which is given  
By tradition, to us, to have bin murther'd

*The Tragedy of*

By her Nephewes, for her riches: Such a figure  
One night (as the Prince sat up late at's booke)  
Appear'd to him, when crying out for helpe,  
The gentleman of's Chamber, found his grace  
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face  
And language: Since which apparition,  
He hath growne worse and worse, and I much feare  
He cannot live.      *Bos.* Sir, I would speake with you.

*Pesc.* We'll leave your grace,  
Wishing to the sicke Prince, our Noble Lord,  
All health of minde, and body.

*Card.* You are most welcome.  
Are you come? so, this fellow must not know:  
By any meanes I had intelligence  
In our Dutchesse death: For (though I counsell'd it)  
The full of all th' agreement seem'd to grow  
From *Ferdinand*: Now sir, how fares our sister?  
I do not thinke but sorrow makes her looke  
Like to an oft di'd garment: She shall now  
Taste comfort from me: why do you look so wildeley?  
Oh, the fortune of your master here, the Prince  
Dejects you, but be you of happy comfort:  
If you'll do one thing for me, I'le intreat  
Though he had a cold tombe-stone ore his bones  
I'll d make you what you should be.      *Bos.* Any thing,  
Give me it in a breath, and let me flye to't:  
They that thinke long, small expedition win,  
For musing much o'th end, cannot begin.

*Jnl.* Sir, will you come in to supper?

*Card.* I am busie, leave me.

*Jnl.* What an excellent shape hath that fellow?

*Exit.*

*Card.* 'Tis thus: *Antonio* lurkes here in *Milleinc,*  
Enquire him out, and kill him: while he lives,  
Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought  
Of an excellent match for her: do this, and stile me  
Thy advancement.

*Bos.* By what meanes shall I finde him out?

*Card.* There's a gentleman call'd *Delio*  
Here in the Campe, that hath bin long approv'd  
His loyall friend: Set eye upon that fellow.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

Follow him to Masse, may be *Antonio*,  
Although he do acc<sup>t</sup>unt religion  
But a Schoole-name, for fashion of the world,  
May accompany him; or else go enquire out  
*Delio's* Confessor, and see if you can bribe  
Him to reveale it : there are a thousand wayes  
A man might find to trace him : As to know,  
What fellowes haunt the Jewes, for taking up  
Great summes of money, for sure he's in want;  
Or else to go to th' Picture-makers, and learne  
Who brought her Picture lately, some of these  
Happily may take. *Bos.* Well, I'le not freeze i'th busines,  
I would see that wretched thing, *Antonio*,  
Above all sights i'th world. *Card.* Do, and be happy. *Exit.*

*Bos.* This fellow doth breed Basilisks in's eyes,  
He's nothing else, but murder ; yet he seemes  
Not to have notice of the Dutchesse death :  
'Tis his cunning : I must follow his example,  
There cannot be a surer way to trace,  
Than that of an old Fox.

*Jul.* So, sir, you are well met. *Bos.* How now ?

*Jul.* Nay, the doores are fast enough :  
Now Sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

*Bos.* Treachery ? *Jul.* Yes, confess to me  
Which of my women 'twas you hyr'd, to put  
Love-powder into my drinke ?

*Bos.* Love-powder ?

*Jul.* Yes, when I was at *Malfy*,  
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?  
I have already suffer'd for thee so much paine,  
The only remedy to do me good,  
Is to kill my longing.

*Bos.* Sure your Pistoll holds  
Nothing but perfumes, or kissing comfits: excellent Lady,  
You have a pretty way on't to discover  
Your longing : Come, come, I'le disirme you,  
And arme you thus, yet this is wondrous strange.

*Jul.* Compare thy forme, and my eyestogether,  
You'll find my love no such great miracle: Now you'll say  
I am wanton : This nice modesty, in Ladies

*The Tragedy of*

Is but a troublesome familiar,  
That haunts them.

*Bos.* Know you me, I am a blunt souldier.      *Jul.* The better,  
Sure, there wants fire, where there are no lively sparkes  
Of roughnesse.      *Bos.* And I want complement.

*Jul.* Why ignorance in court-ship cannot make you do amisse,  
If you have a heart to do well.      *Bos.* You are very faire.

*Jul.* Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,  
I must plead unguilty.      *Bos.* Your bright eyes  
Carry a Quiver of darts in them, sharper  
Than Sun-beames.

*Jul.* You will mar me with commendation,  
Put your selfe to the charge of courting me,  
Whereas now I woe you.

*Bos.* I have it, I will work upon this Creature,  
Let us grow most amorously familiar :  
If the great Cardinall now should see me thus,  
Would he not count me a villain?

*Jul.* No, he might count me a wanton,  
Not lay a scruple of offence on you :  
For if I see, and steale a Diamond,  
The fault is not i'th'stone, but in me the theef,  
That purloines it: I am fuddaine with you,  
We that are great women of pleasure, use to cut off  
These uncertaine wishes, and unquiet longings,  
And in an instant joyne the sweet delight  
And the prity excuse together: had you bin i'th'street,  
I should have courted you.

*Bos.* Oh, you are an excellent Lady.

*Jul.* Bid me do somewhat for you presently,  
To expresse I love you.

*Bos.* I will, and if you love me,  
Faile not to effect it : The Cardinall is grown a wondrous mellan-  
Demand the cause, let him not put you off,      (cholly,  
With faign'd excuse, discover the maine ground on't.

*Jul.* Why would you know this?

*Bos.* I have depended on him,  
And I heare that he is falne in some disgrace  
With the Emperor, if he be like the mice  
That forsake falling houses, I would shift.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

To other dependance.

*Jul.* You shall not need follow the wars,  
I'll be your maintenance.

*Bos.* And I your loyall servant,  
But I cannot leave my calling. *Jul.* Not leave an  
Ungratfull Generall, for the love of a sweet Lady ?  
You are like some, cannot sleep in feather-beds,  
But must have blocks for their pillows.

*Bos.* Will you do this ? *Jul.* Cunningly.

*Bos.* To morrow I'll expect th'intelligence.

*Jul.* To morrow ? get you into my Cabiner,  
You shall have it with you : do not delay me,  
No more than I do you : I am like one  
That is condemn'd : I have my pardon promis'd.  
But I would see it seal'd : Go, get you in,  
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart,  
Like a skeine of silke.

*Car.* Where are you ? *Serv.* Here.

*Car.* Let none upon your lives  
Have conference with the Prince *Ferdinand*,  
Unlesse I know it : In this distraction,  
He may reveale the murther,  
Yond's my lingring consumption :  
I am weary of her ; and by any meanes  
Would be quit off. *Jul.* How now, my Lord ?  
What ailes you ? *Car.* Nothing.

*Jul.* Oh, you are much altered :  
Come, I must be your Secretary, and remove  
This lead from off your bosome, what's the matter ?

*Car.* I may not tell you.  
*Jul.* Are you so far in love with sorrow,  
You cannot part, with part of it ? or think you  
I cannot love your grace, when you are sad,  
As well as merry ? or do you suspect  
I, that have bin a secret to your heart,  
These many winters, cannot be the same  
Unto your tongue ?

*Card.* Satisfie thy longing,  
The only way to make thee keep my councell,  
Is not to tell thee. *Jul.* Tell your Echo this,

*The Tragedy of*

Or flatterers, that (like ecchoes) still report.

What they heare (though most imperfect) and not me.

For, if that you be true unto your selfe,

I'll know.      *Car.* Will you rack me?

*Jul.* No, judgement shall.

Draw it from you: It is an equall fault,

To tell ones secrets, unto all, or none.

*Card.* The first argues folly.

*Jul.* But the last tyranny.

*Car.* Very wel, why imagine I have committed

Some secret deed, which I desire the world

May never heare of?

*Jul.* Therefore may not I know it?

You have conceal'd for me as great a sin

As adultery: Sir, I beseech you.

For perfect triall of my constancy

Till now: sir, I beseech you.

*Card.* You'll repent it.      *Jul.* Never.

*Card.* It hurries thee to ruine: I'll not tell thee,

Be well advis'd, and thinke what danger 'tis

To receive a Princes secrets: they that do,

Had need have their breasts hood'p with adamant

To containe them: I pray thee yet be satisfi'd,

Examine thine own frailty, 'tis more easie

To tie knots, then unloose them: 'tis a secret

That (like a lingring poyson) may chance lie

Spread in thy vaines, and kill thee seven yeare hence.

*Jul.* Now you dally with me.

*Card.* No more, thou shalt know it.

By my appointment, the great Dutchesse of *Milfy*,

And two of her young children, fourre nights since

Were strangled.

*Jul.* Oh heaven! sir, what have you done?

*Card.* How now? how settles this? think you your

Bosome will be a grave, darke and obscure enough

For such a secret?

*Jul.* You have undone your selfe, sir.

*Car.* Why?      *Jul.* It lies not in me to conceale it.

*Car.* No? come, I will swear you to 't upon this book.

*Jul.* Most religiously.      *Card.* Kisse it.

the Dutchesse of Malfy.

Now you shall never utter it, thy curiositie  
Hath undone thee: thou'rt payson'd with that booke  
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my councell  
I have bound thee to't by death.

Bos. For pity sake, hold. Card. Ha, Bosola?

Jul. I forgive you, This equall piece of Justice you have done:  
For I betrayd your councell to that fellow,  
Heover heard it; that was the cause I said  
It lay not in me, to conceale it.

Bos. Oh, foolish woman, Coldst not thou have payson'd him?

Jul. 'Tis weakenesse, Too much to thinke what should have bin done,  
I go, I know not whither.

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man, (like your self;) Not out of his wits (as the Lord Ferdinand), To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not your selfe such a promise of that life Which is not yours, to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here.

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Car. Very well, now you know me for your fellow murderer,

Bos. And wherefore should you lay faire marble colours,  
Upon your rotten purposes to me? Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,  
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th graves,  
Of those were Actors in't? Card. No more.  
There is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue a fortune any longer?  
Tis the fooles Pilgrimage.

Card. I have honors in store for thee.

Bos. There are many wayes that conduct to seeming Honor, and some of them very durry ones.

Card. Throw to the devill  
Thy melancholy, the fire burns well,  
What need we keep a stirring of 't, and make  
A great smoothen? thou wilt kill Antonio?

The Tragedy of

Bos. Yes.

Card. Take up that body.

Bos. I think I shall.

Shortly grow the common Beare, for Church-yards?

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants,

To aid thee in the murther. Bos. Oh, by no meanes,

Physitians that apply horse-leeches to any rancke swelling,

Use to cut of their tailes, that the bloud may run through them

The faster: Let me have no traine, when I go to shed bloud,

Leafe it make me have a greater, when I ride to the Gallowes.

Card. Come to me after midnight, to helpe to remove that body,

To her own lodging: I'll give out she died o'th' Plague;

'T will breed the lesse enquiry after her death.

Bos. Where's *Castruc bio*, her husband?

Card. He's rode to *Naples* to take possession

Of Antonio's Cittadell.

Bos. Beleeve me, you have donc a very happy turn.

Card. Faile not to come: There is the Master-key  
Of our Lodgings: and by that you may conceive

What trust I plant in you.

Exit.

Bos. You shall find me ready.

Oh, poore *Antoniu*, though nothing beso needfull

To thy estate, as pitty, Yet I find

Nothing so dangerous: I must look to my footing;

In such slippery yce-pavements, men had need

To be frost-nayld well: they may break their neeks else.

The President's hereafore me: how this man

Beares up in Bloud? seemes feareleffe? why, 'tis well:

Security some men call the Suburbs of Hell,

Only a dead wall between. Well (good *Antonio*)

I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be

To put thee into safety from the reach

Of these most cruell biters, that have got

Some of thy bloud already. It may be,

I'll joyne with thee, in a most just revenge.

The weakest arme is strong enough, that strikes

With the sword of Justice: Still me thinkes the Dutchesse

Haunts me: there, there: 'tis nothing but my melancholy.

O Penitence, let me truely tast thy Cup,

That throwes men down, only to rise them up.

Exit.

SCEN.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

SCENA. III.

*Antonio, Delio, Eccho, (from the Dutchesse grave.)*

*Del.* Yond's the Cardinal's window : This fortification  
Grew from the ruines of an ancient Abbey :  
And to yond side o'th'river, lies a wall  
(Piece of a Cloyster) which in my opinion  
Gives the best Eccho, that you ever heard?  
So hollow, and so dismall, and withall  
So plaine in the distinction of our words,  
That many have suppos'd it is a Spirit  
That answers.

*Ant.* I do love these ancient ruines :  
We never tread upon them, but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend History,  
And questionlesse, herein this open Court  
(Which now lies naked to the injuries  
Of stormy weather) some lye enterr'd  
Lov'd the Church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopide their bones  
Till Doomb's-day : but all things have their end :  
Churches and Cities (which have diseases like to men)  
Must have like death that we have.

*Eccho* Like death that we have.

*Del.* Now the Eccho hath caught you.

*Ant.* It groan'd (me thought) and gave  
A very deadly accent ?

*Eccho* Deadly accent.

*Del.* I told you 'twas a pretty one : You may make it  
A Huntes-man, or a Faulconer, a Musitian,  
Or a thing of sorrow.

*Eccho* A thing of Sorrow.

*Ant.* I sure : that suites it best.

*Eccho* That suites it best.

*Ant.* 'Tis very like my wifes voyce.

*Eccho* I, wifes-voyce.

*Del* Come, let's us walke farther from't :  
I would not have you to th'Cardinal's to night :

The Tragedy of

Doe not.      *Echo.* Do not.

*Del.* Wildome doth not more moderate, wasting sorrow  
Than time : take time for't : be mindfull of thy safety.

*Ec.* Be mindfull of thy safety.

*Ant.* Necessity compels me ;  
Make scrutiny throughout the' passes  
Of your ownelife ; you'll find it impossible  
To fyue your fate.      *O fyue your fute.*

*Del.* Harke : the dead stones seeme to have pity on you  
And give you good counsell.

*Ant.* *Echo,* I will not talke with thee ;  
For thou art a dead Thing.

*Echo.* Thou art a dead Thing.

*Ant.* My Dutchesse is asleepe now,  
And her little-Ones, I hope sweetly : oh heaven  
Shall I never see her more ?

*Echo.* Never see her more.

*Ant.* I mark'd not one repetition of the *Echo,*  
But that : and on the sudden, a cleare light  
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

*Del.* Your fancy ; merely.

*Ant.* Come : I'lebe out of this Ague ;  
For to live thus, is not indeed to live:  
It is a mockery and abuse of life,  
I will not henceforth save my selfe by halves,  
Lose all, or nothing.      *Del.* Your own vertue save you :  
I'le fetch your eldest sonne, and second you :  
It may be that the sight of his owne blood,  
Spread into so sweet a figure, may beget

The more compassion.

How ever, fare you well :

Though in our miseries, Fortune have a part,  
Yet, in our noble suffirings, she hath none,  
Contempt of paine, that we may call our owne.

Exit.

S C E N A IIII.

*Cardinall, Pescara, Malateste, Rodorigo, Grisolani,  
Bosola, Ferdinand, Antonio, Servant,*

*Card.* You shall not watch to night by the sicke Prince,  
His Grace is very well recoverd.

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

*Mal.* Good my Lord suffer us.

*Card.* Oh, by no meanes :

The noise, and change of object in his eye,  
Doth more distract him : I pray, all to bed,  
And though you heare him in his violent fit,  
Do not rise, I intreat you. *Pef.* So sir, we shall not.

*Card.* Nay, I must have you promise  
Upon your honors, for I was enjoynd to't  
By himselfe ; and he seem'd to urge it fencibly.

*Pef.* Let our honors binde this trifle.

*Card.* Nor any of your followers. *Mal.* Neither.

*Card.* It may be to make triall of your promise  
When he's asleepe, my selfe will rise, and faigne  
Some of his mad trickes, and cry out for helpe,  
And faigne my selfe in danger.

*Mal.* If your throat were cutting,  
I'lld not come at you, now I have protested against it.

*Card.* Why, I thanke you.

*Gris.* 'Twas a foule storne to night.

*Rod.* The Lord Ferdinand's chamber, shooke like an Ozier.

*Mal.* 'Twas nothing but pure kindnesse in the devill,  
To rocke his owne childe. *Exeunt.*

*Card.* The reason why I would not suffer these  
About my brother, is, because at midnight  
I may with better privacy, convay  
*Julias* body, to her owne lodging : O, my Conscience !  
I would pray now : but the devill takes away my heart,  
For having any confidence in prayer.

About this houre, I appointed *Bosola*  
To fetch the body : when he hath serv'd my turne,  
He dies.

*Exi*

*Bos.* Hah ? 'twas the Cardinals voyce : I heard him name,  
*Bosola*, and my death : listen, I heare ones footing.

*Ferd.* Strangling is a very quiet death.

*Bos.* Nay then I see, I must stand upon my Guard.

*Ferd.* What say to that? whisper, softly : doe you agree to't ?  
So it must be done i'th darke : the Cardinall  
Would not for a thousand pounds, the Doctor should see it. *Exit.*

*Bos.* My death is plotted ; here's the consequence of murther.

"We value not desert, nor Christian breath,

The Tragedie of

When we know blacke deeds, must be cur'd with death.

Serv. Here stay sir, and be confidant, I pray :  
I'll fetch you a dark Lanthorne.

Exit.

Ant. cold I take him at his prayers,  
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. Fall right my sword :  
I'll not give thee so much leasure, as to pray.

Ant. Oh, I am gone : Thou hast ended a long suit,  
In a minute. Bos. What art thou ?

Ant. A most wretched thing,  
That only have thy benefit in death,  
To appeare my selfe. Ser. Where are you, sir,

Ant. very neere my home : Bosola ?

Serv. Oh, misfortune. Bos. Smother thy pitty, thou art dead else : Antonio ?  
The man I would have sav'd 'bove in mine own life ?  
We are mereley the Stars tenny s-bals (strooke, and banded  
Which way please them) oh good Antonio,  
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying eare,  
Shall make thy heart breake quickly : Thy faire Dutchesse  
And two sweet Children.

Ant. Their very names  
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murdered !

Ant. Some men have wisht to die.  
At the hearing of sad tidings : I am glad  
That I shall do't in sadnes : I would not now  
Wish my wounds balm'd, nor heal'd : for I have no use  
To put my life to : In all our Quest of Greatnes ;  
(Like wanton boyes, whose pastime is their care)  
We follow after bubbles blowne i'th'ayre.  
Pleasure of life, what is't ? only the good houres  
Of an Ague : mereley a preparative to rest,  
To endure vexation : I doe not aske  
The processe of my death : only commend me  
To Delio.

Bos. Breake heart :

Ant. And let my Sonne, flye the Courts of Princes.

Bos. Thou seem'st to have lov'd Antonio ?

Ser. I brought him hither,

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

To have reconcil'd him with the Cardinall.

*Bos.* I doe not aske thee that:

Take him up, if thou tender thine owne life,

And beare him, where the *Lady Julia*

Was wont to lodge: Oh, my fate moves swift,

I have this Cardinall, in the forge already,

Now I'le bring him to th'hammer: (O direfull misprision)

I will not imitate things glorious,

No more than base: I'le be mine owne example.

On, on, and looke thou represent, for silence,

The thing thou bear'st.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

*Cardinall (with a booke) Bosola, Pescara, Malatesta, Rodorigo,  
Ferdinand, Delio, Servants with Antonio's Body.*

*Card.* I am puzzell'd in a question about hell:

He sies, in hell, there's one materiall fire,

And yet it shall not burne all men alike.

Lay him by, How tedious is a guilty conscience?

When I looke into the Fish-ponds, in my Garden,

Me thinkes I see a thing, arm'd with a Rake,

That seemes to strike at me: Now? art thou come? thou look'st

There sits in thy face, some great determination, (ghastly

Mix'd with some feare.

*Bos.* Thus it lightens into action:  
I am come to kill thee.

*Card.* Hah? helpe: our Guard.

*Bos.* Thou art deceiv'd:

They are out of thy howling.

*Card.* Hold: I will faithfully divide  
Revenues with thee.

*Bos.* Thy prayers, and proffers  
Are both unseasonable.

*Card.* Raise the Watch: we are betraide.

*Bos.* I have confinde your flight:

I'le suffer your retrait to *Julias* Chamber,

But no further.

*Card.* Helpe: we are betraide. *Mal.* Listen.

*Card.* My Dukedom, for rescnew.

*Rod.* Eye upon his counterfeiting.

*The Tragedy of*

*Mal.* Why, 'tis not the Cardinall.

*Rod.* Yes, yes, 'tis he :

But I'le see him hang'd ere I'le go downe to him.

*Card.* Here's a plot upon me, I am assaulted : I am lost,  
Unless some rescew.

*Grif.* He doth this pretty well :

But it will not serve ; to laugh me out of mine honor.

*Card.* The sword's at my throat :

*Rod.* You would not baule so loud then.

(hand.)

*Mal.* Come, come, let's go to bed : he told us thus much afore-

*Pesc.* He wish'd you should not come at him : but beleev't,  
The accent of the voyce, sounds not in jest.

I'le downe to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doores. *Rod.* Let's follow him aloofe,  
And note how the Cardinall will laugh at him. (doore)

*Bos.* There's for you first : 'cause you shall not unbarracade the  
To let in rescew. *He kills the Servant.*

*Card.* What cause hast thou to pursue my life ?

*Bos.* Looke there. *Card.* Antonio ?

*Bos.* Slaine by my hand unwittingly :

Pray, and be sudden : when thou kill'dst thy sister,  
Thou tookst from Justice her most equall ballance,  
And left her nought but the sword.

*Card.* O mercy.

*Bos.* Now it seemes thy greatness was only outward :  
For thou fall'st faster of thy selte, than calamity  
Can drive thee : I'le not waste longer time : There.

*Card.* Thou hast hurt me. *Bos.* Againe.

*Card.* Shall I die like a Levoret,  
Without any resistance ? helpe, helpe, helpe :  
I am slaine.

*Ferd.* Th'allarum ? give me a fresh hote :  
Rall'y the vaunt-guard : or the day is lost :  
Yeeld, yeeld : I give you the honor of Armes,  
Shake my Sword over you, will you yeilde ?

*Card.* Helpe me, I am your brother. *Ferd.* The devill ?  
My brother fight upon the adverse party ? *He woundsthe Cardinall,*  
There flies your ransome. *and (in the scuffle) gives*  
*Bosola his deathswound.*

*Card.* Oh Justice :  
I suffer now, for what hath former bin :

*"Sorrow*

*the Dutchesse of Malfy.*

“Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

*Ferd.* Now you're brave fellowes :

*Cæsars Fortune* was harder than *Pompeys* :

*Cæsar* died in the armes of prosperity,

*Pompey* at the feet of disgrace : you both died in the field;

The paine's nothing : paine many times, is taken away, with

The apprehension of greater, (as the tooth-ache with the sight

Of a Barber, that comes to pull it out) there's Phylosophy for you.

*Bos.* Now my revenge is perfect : sinkē (thou maine cause  
Of my undoing) the last part of my life,

Hath done me best service.

*He kills Ferdinand.*

*Ferd.* Give me some wet hay, I am broken winded;

I do account this world but a dog-kenell :

I will vault credit, and affect high pleasures,

*Bos.* He seems to come to himselfe, now he's so neer the bottome.

*Ferd.* My sister, oh ! my sister, there's the cause on't.

“Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,

“Like Diamonds, we are, cut with our owne dust,

*Card.* Thou hast thy payment too.

*Bos.* Yes, I hold my weary soule in my teeth,

‘Tis ready to part from me : I doe glory

That thou, which stoodst like a huge Piramid

Begun upon a large, and ample base,

Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

*Pesc.* How now (my Lord ?)

*Mal.* Oh sad disaster. *Rod.* How comes this ?

*Bos.* Revenge for the Dutchesse of Malfy, murdered

By th' Arragonian brethren : for *Antonio*,

Slaine by his hand : for lustfull *Julia*,

Poyson'd by this man : and lastly, for my selfe,

(That was an Actor in the maine of all,

Much againt mine owne good nature, yet i'th' end

Neglected.)

*Pesc.* How now (my Lord ?)

*Card.* Looke to my brother :

He gave us these large woundes, as we were strugling

Here i'th' rushes : And now, I pray, let me

Be laid by, and never thought of.

*Pesc.*

The Tragedy of

Pef. How fatally (it seemes) he did withstand,  
His owne rescue?

Mal. Thou wretched thing of blood,  
How came Antonio by his death?

Bof. In a mist : I know not how,  
Such a mistake, as I have often seene  
In a play : Oh, I am gone,  
We are only like dead walls, or vaulted graves,  
That ruin'd, yeilds no echo : Fare you well.  
It may be paine, but no harme to me to die,  
In so good a quarrell : Oh this gloomy world,  
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darknes,  
Doth (womanish, and fearefull) mankind live?  
Let worthy minds, ne're stagger in distrust  
To suffer death, or shame for what is just,  
Mine is another voyage

Pef. The Noble Delio, as I came to thi' Palace,  
Told me of Antonio's being here; and shew'd me  
A pretty gentleman, his sonue and heire.

Mal. Oh Sir, you come too late.

Del. I heard so, and  
Was arm'd for't ere I came : Let us make noble use  
Of this great ruine ; and joyne all our force  
To establish this yong hopefull Gentleman  
In's mothers right. These wretched eminent things  
Leave no more fame behind'em, than should one  
Fall in a Frost, and leave his print in snow,  
As foone as the sun shines, it ever melts,  
Both forme, and matter : I have ever thought  
Nature doth nothing so great, for great men,  
As when she's pleas'd, to make them Lords of truth :

"Integrity of life, is fames best friend,

Which nobly (beyond death) shall crowne the end.

Exeunt.

F I N I S.

Valter | Antonio.

